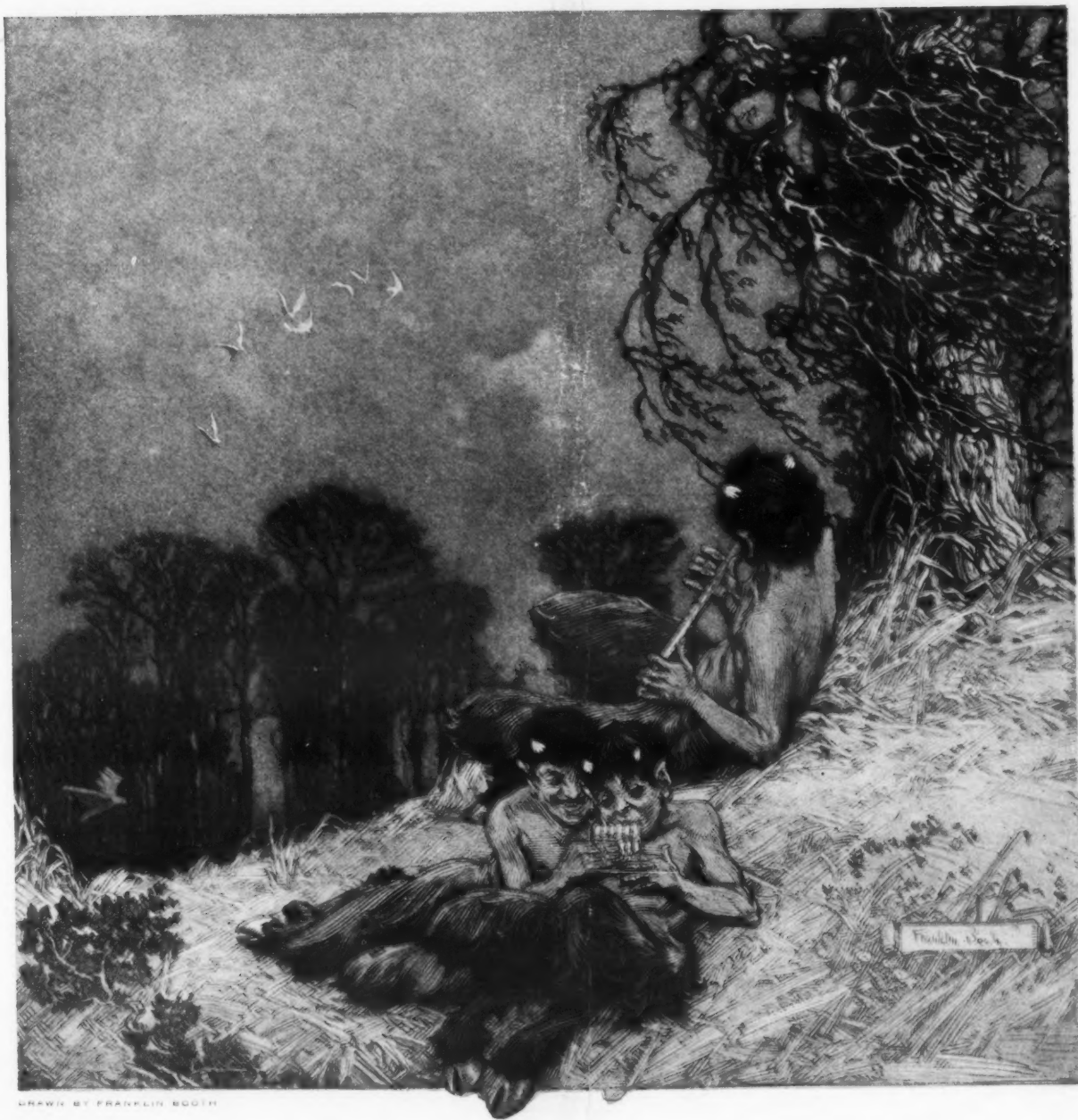


# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

CENTRAL LIBRARY  
APR 18 1912  
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DRAWN BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

*Spring*

# No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

## Our Profit 8½ Per Cent

Today we join the advocates of full and frank publicity.

We believe that tire buyers are entitled to know every fact that affects them.

You who pay money should know what you get. Also what the makers get.

That which is right can prevail in the limelight. That which is wrong can't prosper by hiding.

So we shall publish here, in the next few weeks, some startling facts about tires.

Goodyear tires have reached the topmost place. They now outsell all others.

The demand for these tires, in the past 24 months, has increased by 500 per cent.

Just because of publicity—because myriads of users told myriads of others the immense economy of No-Rim-Cut Tires.

Now we shall venture the fullest publicity. And the first step will be a discussion of profit on this highest grade of tire.

## The Truth About Cost of Tires

Tires can be made to fit any price which users want to pay. The only just comparison is **the cost per mile**.

Cheap tires may cost far more per mile than tires at twice the price.

Tires may also be too costly—too fine in composition to endure.

The object of the expert is **the lowest cost per mile**. That has been our object for some 13 years.

### How We Know

We make our comparisons on a tire testing machine, where four tires at a time are worn out under all sorts of road conditions. Meters record the mileage.

There we have compared some 200 fabrics, and some forty formulas for treads.

There we have tested every method and process. There we have compared rival tires with our own.

Thus we have proved that Up-River Para—the costliest rubber—is cheapest on the mileage basis.

Thus we have proved that long-fibre Sea Island cotton—the costliest material—is cheapest in the end for fabrics.

We have proved that wrapped tread tires—the costliest construction—are cheaper than moulded tires—for the user.

So we employ these things. And we use everything else which these years of test have proved most economical—in **the cost per mile**.

### Saving 23 Per Cent

Then came the question of rim-cut tires. We examined thousands of ruined tires, of every make. And we found that 23 per cent of the clincher type were rim-cut.

So we brought out a patent new-type tire—a hookless tire—which makes rim-cutting impossible.

At first this type was expensive. It added one-fifth to our price. But our multiplied output quickly reduced it, until it now costs users no more than standard old-type tires.

This tire—called No-Rim-Cut—has ended rim-cutting forever.

### Saving 25 Per Cent

Next came the question of blow-outs—caused by adding extras to the car—by overloading tires.

To avoid this we made No-Rim-Cut tires 10 per cent over the rated size.

Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8.57 per cent.

With the largest output—with the most modern equipment—our selling price has averaged about 8½ per cent over cost.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

With these oversize tires, of the costliest construction—these tires that can't rim-cut—we met the price of standard old-type tires.

The result is this:

## Last Year's Profit 8.57 Per Cent

That in a risky business, with fluctuating materials, on a tire that's guaranteed.

The point is this:

Tires can't be made more economically than in this mammoth, modern plant.

Men can't stay in this business, with the risks it involves, on a smaller margin of profit.

In No-Rim-Cut tires you get as much for your money as any maker ever can give. And you know what you get.

If you consider that fair, it's another reason for insisting on these premier tires.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

# GOOD YEAR

## No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(584)





### Invest in Birthright Cities Under Our Divided Risk Plan

Great fortunes have been made in purchasing and holding choice city real estate in the population centers which control the trade of wealthy sections. The unprecedented activity of the great railroads in the Pacific Northwest has made the opportunity of a century for investments of this kind.

In co-operation with the railroad builders, we searched the whole Northwest to find "birthright towns" which in a few years will become great. Three hundred towns were personally inspected—seventeen were selected. These "birthright cities" control the business of vast agricultural districts, rich mining and timber lands, or water-power sites and are located on new, transcontinental railroads.

Had your father made a similar investment a generation ago in embryo Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, or Oklahoma City, he would have made thousands.

We offer at attractive prices five lots, one in each of five selected young cities. Easy payments, no interest, we pay all taxes. We divide your risk and multiply your profit by five.

Full information on request.

High grade men are making comfortable incomes as our representatives in their districts. We may have an opening for you.

**Northwest Townsite Company**  
308 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

### THE PERFECT VACATION

If there is some kind of vacation you have always longed for but never been able to find, send for **FREE SUMMER VACATION GUIDES TO NEW ENGLAND**

Mountains, country, seashore and lakes of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut. Big hotels with brilliant social life, little hotels like jolly house-parties, farm-houses in charming places, forest camps by lake and river, wonderful canoe and camping trips.

These free booklets give lists of hotels and boarding houses with rates. In sending, name the region you prefer.

**THE NEW ENGLAND LINES**  
Room 732, So. Station, Boston, Mass.

### Portable Fire-proof Bungalows

Boat Houses, Stores, Warehouses, Garages, etc., built at low cost by the **Pruden System** of interlocking, self-erecting metal units. No framework needed. No wood. You and helper easily erect or take down. Strong, durable and handsome as masonry. Three years of demonstrated success. Immediate shipments from stock. Write for catalog. Tell what building you're interested in.

**Metal Shelter Co.** 5-41 W. Water St. St. Paul, Minn. Patentees and Sole Manufacturers

### This Tool Will Pry Into Anything

Lifts the lid of a packing case—rips up a floor—takes down a scaffold—pulls contrary nails—pulls them high as a man can reach and straight. Does things no other tool can do. Pays for itself over and over again in nails and lumber saved.

**BONNER PRY BARS** are drop forged from special steel and finely tempered. Two sizes: 23 inches at \$1 and 14 inches at 75c. Ask your dealer for a "Bonner" pry bar. If not with him, will ship you direct upon receipt of price, charges prepaid. Send your dealer's name. Also makers of Bonner Auto Kits, Bonner Farmer Kits, Bonner "Victor" Chain Pipe Wrench and other special purpose tools.

**C. E. Bonner Mfg. Co., Champaign, Ill.**

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY  
APRIL 20, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME XLIX NO 5  
P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS  
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Spring. Cover Design	Drawn by Franklin Booth	
His Master's Voice. Cartoon	Drawn by Walter J. Enright	7
Editorials		8
A Race to the Chuck Wagon	Painted by W. Herbert Dunton	10
Votes (Whang!) for (Biff!) Women (Smash!!!)	Samuel Hopkins Adams	11
The Mississippi Floods. Photographs	Illustrated by Henry Raleigh	13
Spring Training with the White Sox. II.—Mostly Personal	Will Irwin	14
Scenes of Riot and War. Photographs		16
The Worcester Pure Food Exposition	Lewis B. Allyn	17
Wilson, Wiley and McCabe	Illustrated with a Photograph	18
The Decline and Fall of Heliopolis. Story	Will Payne	19
"All of It." Story	Illustrated in Color by W. C. Rice	20
The Laborer and his Hire. II.—Every Man for Himself	Walt Mason	22
Making Over Towns and Cities	Illustrated by Arthur William Brown	28
The Women of the Confederacy	Chalmers Lowell Pancoast	30
Employees Who Cannot Be "Fired"	Illustrated with a Headpiece	32

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# Dioxogen

## As a Mouth Wash

**DIOXOGEN** cleanses the teeth and gums by destroying the germs that thrive in the mouth.

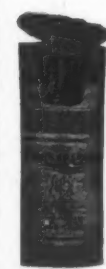
Its foaming action continues until there is hygienic cleanliness of the mouth and teeth.

It finds its way to spots the brush cannot reach.

There is no grit in it to wear and cut the enamel.

Used regularly, night and morning, it is a preventive of sore throat, and is a protection against other illnesses that are caused by disease germs which enter the system through the mouth.

It purifies the breath, too,—a quality appreciated by smokers.



Dioxogen is a germicide—a germ destroyer—not merely an antiseptic. It is absolutely harmless, too.

**THREE SIZES**  
Small (5½ oz.) . . . . . 25c  
Medium (10½ oz.) . . . . . 50c  
Large (20 oz.) . . . . . 75c

Dioxogen, 98 Front Street, New York City

They  
Won't  
Slip



After all is said  
and done, the Question  
is—TO SLIP OR NOT  
TO SLIP.

# CAT'S PAW

**CUSHION  
RUBBER  
HEELS**

50¢ Attached  
All Dealers

THAT PLUG  
PREVENTS  
SLIPPING

THAT PLUG  
PREVENTS  
SLIPPING



Over 65% of Rubber Heels sold in eight-een of the largest cities of the United States are Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

You will prefer them too, because of the Friction Plug—a patented feature—which positively prevents slipping, and makes them wear longer. Hence, the most economical heel to buy.

Then again, the extra quality rubber affords greater resiliency—and there are no holes in the heels to track mud into the house.

Insist upon Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels of your dealer. The name is easy to remember and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

If you will send us the name of your shoe dealer we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin free.

**To The Retail Trade**

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

**THE FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY**  
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.  
Canadian Office: Eastern Township Bank Bldg., Montreal



If you have a commodity to sell and want to put it on the market, **COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED COLUMNS** can help you.

In the 500,000 homes into which Collier's goes each week, there are dozens of able men and women who are on the lookout for an opportunity to better their present position and increase their earning capacity.

There is only one "if"—Your proposition must be reliable and must possess real possibilities. If this is so, you cannot help but find it profitable to advertise in these columns.

Four lines is the minimum space accepted; fifteen lines the maximum.

## HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

**HIGH GRADE SOLICITOR WANTED FOR** special work with Winston's Cumulative Encyclopedia Kept Up To Date Free. In reach of people of moderate means. The newest, liveliest, most appealing proposition. A big money-maker. Experience not required. Immediate application insures most desirable territory. The John C. Winston Company, 1006-1016 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**SPECIALTY MEN: WE HAVE SOMETHING** that will interest you. Full commission on re-orders. No collections nor deliveries. Splendid sideline. Brings steady income. J. C. Wilber, Dept. 27, Dayton, Ohio.

**SALESMEN WANTED EVERYWHERE FOR** New Office Specialty. One in every office, store and home. Duplicate orders. Profits big. Live wires address at once for full particulars. A. Lowell Mfg. Co., 258 Broadway, N.Y.

**FRANCHISERS INSTANTANEOUS FRACTION** Charts (copyrighted) sell themselves wherever shown. Entirely new idea. Calculations are instantaneous. Sells for \$1.00. Handsome profits for salesman. Write for particulars. Instantaneous Calculator Co., Detroit, Michigan.

**SALESMEN WANTED TO HANDLE COM-**plete line of formaldehyde fumigators, liquid soap, sweeping compound, modern disinfectants and sanitary supplies. The Formacone Company, 42 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

**WANTED—LIVE MAN TO TAKE ORDERS** for our Handy Dandy made-to-measure men's tailored suits from \$10.00 to \$25.00. We furnish elegant large book outfit free of charge. Experience not essential, we want a hustler. Splendid opportunity to make big money. The Handy Dandy Line, 415 So. Sangamon St., Chicago.

**WANTED—HIGHGRADE SALESMAN IN** every large city for new check protecting device—positively the best of its kind. Exclusive agency and liberal commissions to right men. Big opportunity. State references and qualifications. Peerless Check Protecting Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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**SEND APPLICATION FOR SPECIAL "GET-**acquainted" offer—\$10 yearly—old line policy against sickness and accidents. Pays \$5,000 death; \$25.00 weekly disability benefit. Reliable representatives wanted. L. B. Smuts, Mgr., 515-76 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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**6% NORTH DAKOTA FARM MORTGAGES** safe and always worth par. Security steadily increasing in value. We look after all details for you. Write for particulars to First National Bank, Casselton, North Dakota.

**6% NET TO INVESTORS—WE MAKE LOANS** of two to ten years for investors, secured by First Mortgages on Improved City Real Estate on basis of not over 50 to 60% of its value. We guarantee prompt payment of interest and principal. Address Department H, Jacksonville Development Company, Jacksonville, Florida. Capital surplus and profits \$1,250,000.00.

**FOR 30 YEARS WE HAVE FURNISHED IN-**vestors with First Farm Mortgages netting 6%. Send for booklet "M" and list of offerings. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D. Highest references.

**7% MORTGAGES ON FARMS AND IMPROVED** city property. Legal rate of interest 10%. Send for our booklet. Noonan Loan and Realty Company, Inc., 236 Lee Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

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**THE LARGEST NUMBER OF SUCCESSFUL** clients in our proof of Patents that Protect. Send 5c stamps for new 128 p. book of Vital interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1899.

**CLEMENTS & CLEMENTS, PATENT LAW-**yers, 711 Colorado Building, Washington, D. C. Prompt service. No misleading inducements. Advice book and Patent Office Rules free. Best references.

## DIE MAKING and METAL STAMPING

**WE ARE EQUIPPED TO MAKE DIES AND** metal stampings of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made we can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Send sample. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

## AGENTS WANTED

**WANTED—ONE LIVE MAN IN EACH TOWN** to take orders for men's made to measure clothes. No money required. Latest styles and lowest prices. You can build up a permanent business and make a splendid salary each day. We pay express, ship subject to examination and guarantee fit. Send your name quick for agency and free samples. We use the Union Label on all our garments. Regal Tailoring Co., 544 Regal Bldg., Chicago.

**WE WANT AN AMBITIOUS MAN OR WOMAN** in every town. Erudite, much needed household article, sells on sight. Excellent side line. Big profits. 10c for sample and terms. Chloroxine Co., 706 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**VACUUM CLEANER AGENTS WANTED.** to sell celebrated Thurman Vacuum Cleaners, std. of the world, made by originator. Write today free booklet "I Can Make Yours a Dustless Home." Thurman Vacuum Cleaner Co., 10 Syndicate Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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**AGENTS BOTH SEXES. EXPERIENCE UN-**necessary. 400% profit. Gliding Casters. New. 3c set. Save floors, carpets. Sell thousands 10c set. Child can attach. Samples 4c. Evergrip Co., 228 Warren St., N.Y.

**AGENTS: THE "NU-PANTZ" CREASER** creases trousers perfectly (on or off) in five minutes. No end to sales for hustlers; profit \$1.25 each. Address, Racine Creaser Co., 8th St., Racine, Wis.

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**WRITE US TODAY ABOUT OUR "26" BEST** sellers in New Idea Sanitary Brushes. Our proposition appeals to hustling agents everywhere. Work steady and commission large. Illustrated booklet sent on request. D. L. Silver & Co., Dept. C, Clayton, N. J.

**EARN BIG MONEY SELLING COLLECTION** cabinets to merchants; no competition; exclusive territory; write for free samples and descriptive matter. Sayers Company, 404 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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**YOU CAN MAKE \$\$\$\$ AS OUR GENERAL** or local agent. Household necessity that saves 80%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write. Pitkin & Co., 114 Redd St., Newark, N. Y.

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**TAILORING SALESMEN WANTED TO TAKE** orders for our Guaranteed Made to Order Clothes. Suits—\$10 up. No capital required. Write today for Territory and Complete equipment. Address Warrington W. & W. Mills, 172 West Adams St., Department 422, Chicago, Ill.

**MANUFACTURER OF NEW, EXCLUSIVE** linen bed and toe guaranteed hosiery wants agent in every county. Sales enormous. Re-orders insure permanent, increasing income. Exclusive territory. Credit J. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**MEN TO CALL ON WOMEN AND DEMON-**strate money-saving, work-saving, patented household article; sells for \$2.50; half profit; not sold in stores; exclusive agency; new men sell 7 to 10 a day; samples loaned. S. G. Chase, Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.

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**AGENTS WEAR FREE SUITS, ALSO MAKE** big money. Greatest tailoring firm offers best quality suits at lowest prices. Sell three suits. Get yours free. Express paid. Write for complete outfit. Be your own boss. Earn more. No money necessary, no experience needed. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 40, Chicago.

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**IF YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG MONEY** write for our proposition covering newly patented, much needed, high-grade, household specialty. Demonstration sells it. Liberal commission. Protected territory. E. A. Decker, Secy., 35 E. 28th St., New York.

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**AGENTS, MEN AND WOMEN MAKE BIG** money, 50 to 500 sales in every office building. Almost every user of desk telephone pays quarter on sight for Empire Cord Holder. Sample 12c. Empire Supply Co., Chicago.

**PRICE MARKERS. USED FOR DRESSING** Show Windows, will increase trade, excellent line at moderate prices; send for pamphlet, splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

**STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! THIS ARTICLE** may make your fortune. Best 25c seller on market. 100% profit. Send for particulars and sample. The Silver Company, 305 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

**AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR** gold and silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

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**A PAGE DEVOTED TO SMALLER ADVER-**tisements divided into different classifications. This page offers many opportunities to many people—and those who read the advertisements may rest assured that the claims made have been thoroughly investigated and found to be in every way reliable. Rate per line, \$2.50 with 3% discount for cash with the order. Four lines smallest, and fifteen lines largest, copy accepted. There is a 16% discount allowed on six-time consecutive orders, all deducted from each sixth insertion. For further information write Collier's Classified Columns, 423 West 13th St., New York.

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**BEST PAYING IRRIGATED SOIL AND FINE** climate of wonderful San Joaquin Valley grow crops year 'round. Oranges, apricots, peaches, grapes, small fruits bring large returns. Alfalfa, cows, pigs, chickens pay for the home. New Ill. booklet and Earth free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, AT&SF Ry., 1803 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

### LOUISIANA

**FINE FARMING OPPORTUNITY IN LOUISI-**ana. 60 miles from New Orleans on I. C. R. R. Temperate climate, good markets, splendid stock country with natural forage. \$20 per acre. Terms reasonable. Address, C. H. McNie, Box 122, Kentwood, La.

### NORTHWEST UNITED STATES

**INVESTIGATE THE FERTILE NORTHWEST** United States. Excellent land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, adjacent to Northern Pacific Ry. Stay near home markets; quick transportation; close to good neighbors and good schools; no isolated pioneering. Free U. S. Government homesteaded land; state land on easy terms; deeded land at low prices and on crop-payment plan. Climate fine for man, beast and crops. Choice localities being opened by branch lines now building. Write quick for free illustrated literature, saying what state most interests you. L. J. Bricker, Gen'l Immigration Agent, 134 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minn.

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for the sweet-toned

# MEISTER Piano \$175



30 Days' Free Trial in Your Own Home We Pay the Freight

If the piano proves to be all we claim for it and you decide to buy it, these are the terms of sale:

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No cash payment down. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Piano stool and scarf free.

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27 Cents a rod for 48-inch fence. Fewer posts and no base board or top rail required. Buy from the factory direct. Other styles of Poultry, Farm and Lawn Fencing. Large Catalog free. Write today.  
Box 41, Kitzelman Bros., Muncie, Ind.

## Don't Start Poultry Keeping

till you have read the Six Free Chapters written by Robert Essex after a Quarter Century's Experience in the business. They tell *How to Make Money With Poultry: How to Build Low-Cost Poultry Houses*. They tell Fanciers, and Women, and Farmers how to *START RIGHT*, and also tell all about America's Largest Line of Incubators and Brooders. The book is FREE. Write today. Address:

ROBERT ESSEX INCUBATOR COMPANY  
103 Henry St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## One Day Old Chicks 15c Each

Avoid trouble with setting hens and incubators. No loss from unhatched eggs. Just send 15c each for White Leghorns from the famous Idaho Bear Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky. Shipped any distance by express. Guaranteed to reach you in perfect condition. Also one day old Kelleys mating of Crystal White Orpingtons, \$1.00 each. Remit money and orders to:

H. W. McLEAN, Manager, Hotel Del Prado, Chicago, Ill.

## Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press \$5. Larger \$15, Rotary \$60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYP, cards, paper, &c.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut.

## Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 67

A CANDY manufacturer who has recently greatly increased, by extensive advertising, his already enormous business, shows in a recent statement how he made the advertising pay for itself because of these increased sales:

"Like every other expenditure, the amount spent in advertising must be accounted for, of course.

"But we do not take it out of the consumer, the retailer, or the wholesaler. We make it come back in lower cost of production and lower fixed-cost percentage resulting from increased sales. "The advertising is productive of a sufficient increase in the number of sales made to more than offset the appropriation—enough more sales to save in reduced cost of doing business the cost of advertising.

"The only rational method of making advertising a success is to increase sales to a point where the economies of production will more than offset the additional expense."

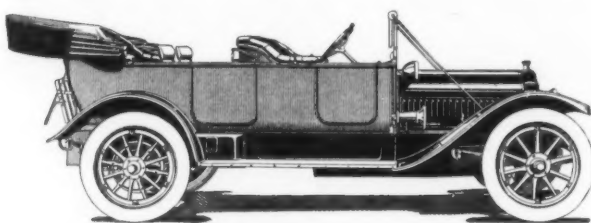
This is just another evidence that advertised goods, instead of costing you more than unadvertised goods, if anything, cost less. If they cost more than unadvertised goods you will usually find the reason in the quality.

*E. L. Patterson.*

Manager Advertising Department



## WHITE MOTOR CARS ELECTRICALLY STARTED AND LIGHTED



WHITE CARS are equipped with a starting system that cranks the motor easily and naturally. There are no valves to leak, no gears to engage, and no explosions in the cylinders while the pistons are stationary. The White starting system is one hundred per cent efficient. Moreover, the lights are operated by the same system that starts the engine. Logical, isn't it?

"THE CAR THAT MADE LONG STROKE FAMOUS"

The White Company

CLEVELAND

MANUFACTURERS OF GASOLINE MOTOR CARS, TRUCKS AND TAXICABS



## AROUND THE WORLD

by the palatial cruising steamship

## Victoria Luise

16,500 tons

From New York - Nov. 12, 1912  
From San Francisco - Feb. 27, 1913

110 days - \$650 and up  
Including all necessary expenses aboard and ashore, railway, hotel, shore excursions, carriages, guides, fees, etc.

Write for beautifully illustrated booklet containing full information.

## Summer Cruises

To Land of the Midnight Sun  
NORWAY, NORTH CAPE, SPITZBERGEN

8 cruises from Hamburg during June, July and August. Duration from 14 to 16 days. Cost \$62.50 up. By the large cruising ships Victoria Luise, Kronprinzessin Cecilie and Meteor.

## Jamaica, Panama Canal

Cuba, Hayti, Colombia, Costa Rica. Weekly sailings by "Prinz" and other well known steamers.

To JAMAICA - \$75 round trip; \$142.50, 25-day cruises; \$140 allowing two to three days on lethmus. Optional shore excursions.

Write for booklet of any cruise.

## HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

41-45 Broadway, N. Y.

Boston Philadelphia  
Pittsburgh Chicago  
San Francisco  
St. Louis



## Visit Yellowstone National Park

Season: June 15 to September 15

Geysers, cataracts, canyons, beasts, birds, fish—no place like it in the world. Go there this summer on way to Pacific Coast. Low Convention and Tourist Fares. Write quick for details. Enclose 6 cents for this beautiful book, easily worth \$1.00.

Special parties being organized. Join the one from your section. Write today.

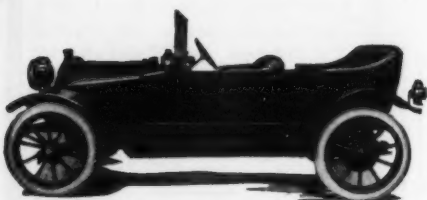
A. M. CLELAND, G. P. A.  
St. Paul, Minn.

## Northern Pacific Ry



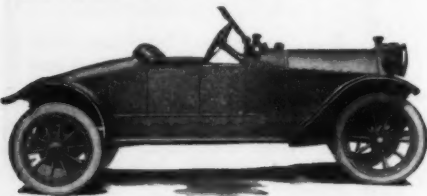


# The Secret of the Increased Pulling Power of the Long-Stroke "32" Hupmobile



Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, \$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/2-inch bore and 5 1/2-inch stroke. Bosch magneto, 166-inch wheelbase, 32 x 5 1/2-inch tires. Color, Standard Hupmobile Blue.



Long-Stroke "32" Roadster, \$900

F. O. B. Detroit, same chassis and equipment as touring car above.

## The Unit Power Plant

With cylinders, intake and exhaust manifolds and water jackets cast in one piece, valve mechanism enclosed, bore of 3 1/4 inches and stroke of 5 1/2 inches, the motor is compact, rigid, silent, highly efficient in pulling power, and vibrationless. The cover plate which protects the valve mechanism from dirt, keeps oil in and at the same time admits of ready access. In having three large-size bearings for the crankshaft instead of the usual two in the case of block motors, additional strength and steadiness are imparted. The crankshaft bearings are Babbitt metal cast in bronze shells—well high indestructible through wear if properly adjusted and lubricated. The upper part of the crank case and the entire clutch and transmission housing are one piece of highest grade aluminum alloy. The lower half is pressed steel, supporting the motor unit and forming a dust-tight pan. Thus engine, clutch and transmission are a compact unit, with no working parts exposed.

## The Large-Size Clutch

In design and size the clutch compares favorably with that of a 60 horsepower car—so large that the car may be started on high gear without noise or jerk. Multiple discs, 13 inch diameter, running in an oil bath. Clutch brake to stop whirling and facilitate gear-shifting.

## Transmission of 40 H. P. Size

Selective sliding gears, affording three forward speeds and reverse, large enough for a 40 h. p. car. Mounted on Hyatt high-duty roller bearings. Large gears are of acid open hearth steel, smaller ones of electric alloy steel—both hard and long-wearing. Imported F & S Annular roller bearings and ball thrusts throughout.

## Flywheel Pumps Oil

Instead of a small pump—liable to stoppage and breakage—the flywheel, by pressure, pumps the oil to all parts of motor, clutch and transmission. Grit is segregated in sediment chambers. This system is not only highly efficient and automatic, but economical, as the oil is used and circulated over and over again.

## Full-Floating Rear Axle

Here again is superiority to the usual practice, in the full-floating rear axle—so strong structurally that no truss rods are needed. Wheels run on Bower high-duty roller bearings mounted on the axle casing, while the axle shafts, bolted to the hub flanges, turn the wheels, but bear no weight. The front axle, too—one piece, drop-forged—is amply strong for the severest service.

A motor car's ability to get over the road—to make the grades—to haul the load—is truly defined by its *pulling* power, and by nothing else.

Thus, because rated power is merely a mathematical computation, based on the motor's bore and stroke, it cannot be an accurate indication of what the Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32," or any other car, can actually do.

On the other hand, pulling power is increased or decreased by these most important factors:—

- 1—Relation of piston stroke to cylinder bore.
- 2—Motor design.
- 3—Efficiency of the carburetor.
- 4—The degree of simplicity attained in the general chassis construction.
- 5—The degree to which friction is reduced in the working parts.
- 6—Weight of the car.

Let us see how and why it is greater in the Long-Stroke "32"



1—A stroke neither too long nor too short, but in ratio to the bore as 1.7 to 1—the mean average of the most widely used European practice.

2—A motor with cylinders cast en bloc; valves at the side, protected from dust and dirt. The adaptation of the best European designs to American conditions. The Long-Stroke "32" goes a step farther by providing three liberal crankshaft bearings—instead of the two usual in unit cylinder construction—shutting out the possibility of undue crankshaft strains.

3—Absolutely automatic carburetion—assuring correct mixture at all speeds and under all loads, without resort to adjustments.

4—A chassis stripped clean of every complication. Motor, clutch and transmission a compact, space-and-weight-saving unit, permanently aligned and dispensing with a shaft and universal joints between clutch and transmission.

5—Friction reduced to the last limit by the finest domestic and imported ball and roller bearings in all important bearings outside of the motor. One universal joint between transmission and the full-floating rear axle, instead of two. Practically straight line drive.

6—Weight 200 to 300 pounds under that of many cars of equal size and rating. That much less dead weight to dissipate power.

Each of these is a distinct and unusual advantage in itself. Collectively, and because they enable a greater proportion of the engine's power to do its real work—they set the Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" apart from and above cars of its price.

Their incorporation in the \$900 Long-Stroke "32" Hupmobile is the result of the work of a homogeneous engineering and factory organization, held intact since the inception of the company; and the designs of E. A. Nelson, who designed the original Hupmobile and all succeeding models.

Catalog mailed on request.

*Hupmobiles are now being built in the new factory, which, in point of equipment and facilities, ranks among the finest motor car plants in the world.*

**HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY**  
1230 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

## 15,000 Runabout Owners

The Hupmobile Runabout, from the very first, was considered the standard of the runabout type; and it still retains that distinction. It has the enthusiastic friendship of 15,000 owners in all parts of the world. It is Mr. Nelson's first Hupmobile; and today is manufactured, in all essentials, on his original designs. In fact, economy of operation and efficiency of service have never shown it necessary to make radical changes in those designs.

## The Famous Runabout Power Plant

Every Runabout motor is the duplicate of that which drove the Hupmobile World-Touring Car on its notable globe-girdling tour. It is one of the simplest, most sturdy and most efficient automobile engines ever designed. Cylinders cast in pairs, valves at the side and three-bearing crankshaft. It is combined with the clutch and transmission into a unit power plant. The clutch is multiple disc, of fine saw-blade steel; the transmission of the sliding gear type, with two speeds forward and reverse.

## Ingenious Oiling System

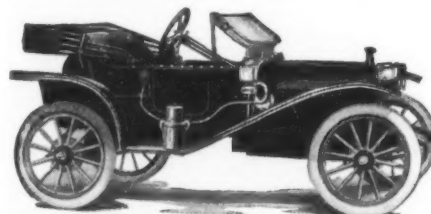
Motor lubrication is by the splash system, which is used in many of the costlier cars. The oil reservoir is at the right of the motor cylinders, where the oil is kept warm and in fluid state, regardless of weather. By an ingenious arrangement, the flow of oil to motor is controlled by the throttle, so that the amount of oil entering the crank case is regulated by the Speed of the motor—high speed, more oil; low speed, less oil.

## Bosch High Tension Magneto

The Runabout was the first car of its price to include the world famous Bosch high tension magneto without extra cost. Control of the car is simplified by the time of the spark being fixed. The spark is so timed that the explosions in the cylinders occur at the point of highest compression—which is not always the case when the driver has control of the variable spark. Many of the leading European cars employ the fixed spark, and the practice is growing in America since the Hupmobile Runabout initiated it.

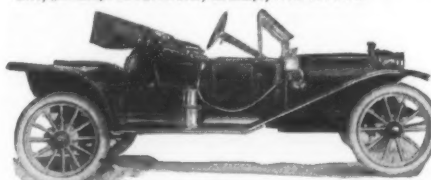
## Timken and Hyatt Roller Bearings

In rear axle and wheels and in the front wheels, Timken and Hyatt roller bearings are employed. The front wheels run on the former, the rear wheels on the latter. The differential gears and pinion at the rear of the drive shaft are also fitted with Hyatt and Timken rollers. The front axle, like the rear, is more than amply strong to bear the weight of the car and withstand road shocks, being a drop forging of high carbon steel.



Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, \$750

F. O. B. Detroit with same power plant that took the world touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn.



20 H. P. Roadster, \$850

F. O. B. Detroit, same chassis as Runabout above, except 110 inch wheelbase, and same equipment, with highly finished steel box on rear deck.



# Colliers



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

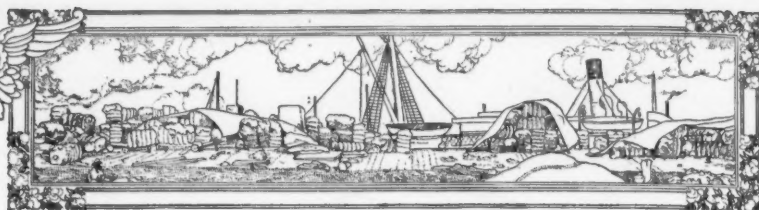
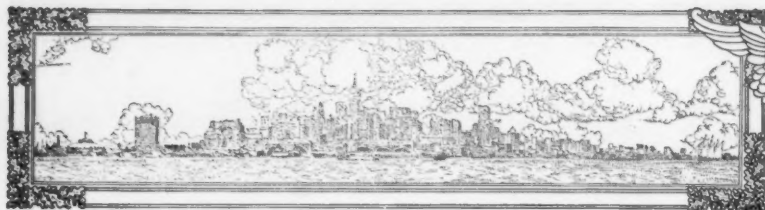
NORMAN HAPGOOD  
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



*His Master's Voice*

DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT



#### ROOSEVELT'S "CHANGE"

OF THE ATTACKS being made upon Colonel ROOSEVELT, for accepting the position of leading standard bearer of the Republican Progressives, few contain anything except stupidity. One of the favorite lines of assault discusses his so-called disloyalty. Mr. ROOSEVELT went a long distance in forcing the nomination of Mr. TAFT, and later in helping to secure his election, because he knew that the policies which he had begun were opposed by the powers of the land, and he felt that, as the people wanted him to be President again, he had a right, in declining himself, to insist upon a man of his choice. During the campaign Mr. TAFT maintained the same enthusiastic harmony with the Colonel which while working under him he had always shown. Immediately after the election he said he owed more to him and to his brother, CHARLES P. TAFT, than to anyone else. This close conjunction of money and progressive leadership was naturally something of a jolt, and it was followed immediately with reiterated statements from Washington that Mr. TAFT was going to conduct his own administration. The Colonel had already planned to go out of the country for a year, in order not to embarrass his successor, so this declaration of independence seemed a trifle superfluous. It was followed soon by a change in Cabinet plans, which, at least in the view of Colonel ROOSEVELT and many of his supporters, amounted to retirement from a definite understanding. With great rapidity intimacies were formed between Mr. TAFT on the one hand and the leading members of the Old Guard on the other. At the same time the Progressives, practically as one man, found themselves unwelcome. The President was cold, Mr. WICKERSHAM was busy reading them out of the party, the patronage was used to defeat them in their home States. President TAFT, let us concede, means well, but his backbone is not of iron, and he is far from independent of the influences closest to him. The Railroad Bill as introduced was clearly a betrayal, and it was saved only by the Insurgent leaders. The Payne-Aldrich Bill disgusted public opinion. The conservation controversy meant that Mr. TAFT was standing by Secretaries BALLINGER, WICKERSHAM, and WILSON, and thereby threatened to undo the most important of all the Roosevelt policies. When the Colonel reached Europe from Africa he received visits from various Progressives. Typical of what they said is the following appeal made in London:

Colonel, when you went away I hoped you would not be active in public life again. It seemed a little undesirable that the public should look too much to one man. The situation in Washington is so bad, however, that my view of your duty has changed. You forced TAFT on the people. It is doubly incumbent upon you, therefore, to help to protect the people from the consequences.

Mr. ROOSEVELT was extremely unwilling. He expressed, with clearness and eloquence, the delicacy of his position and the unwisdom of tempting fate. When he reached the United States, however, the men who had stood nearest to him throughout his career urged him into the New York fight and then kept at him. When Senator LA FOLLETTE was their chosen leader they found Colonel ROOSEVELT willing to pay high tributes in the "Outlook" and in speeches to what Wisconsin had done and what LA FOLLETTE had done. They decided that a dual conflict between LA FOLLETTE and TAFT would end in the nomination of TAFT, and they thereupon insisted upon ROOSEVELT's coming out. He hung back, and gave many powerful reasons, yielding in the end with misgivings. The Colonel has always known all kinds of men, but those who have been constantly in his house, talking politics, history, and economics, have been men of progress and free thought. Where the intimates of the President have been men of the type of ALDRICH, HAMMOND, and SHERMAN, those of Mr. ROOSEVELT have been idealists like RIIS, PINCHOT, and GARFIELD. What is loyalty? Is it sticking to an official who, in the most momentous of crises, fails to stand for what as a subordinate he has seemed to support; or is it to stand by one's principles, and by the great body of one's trusted friends? What should be thought of Mr. ROOSEVELT if, after making a mistake in the selection of his successor, he had refused, on grounds of his own personal safety, to help the earnest body of Republican Progressives to undo that error, and to assure to the American people, as far as possible, the continued strength and success of the Progressive movement?

#### STRIKES AND THE PUBLIC

ESSENTIAL in a modern statesman is not mainly the patriotic sentiment he may have. It is the soundness of his economics. How much truer is it now than when CARLYLE said it, that no man who is not a deep thinker in industrial problems has any right to be a public leader to-day! Consider two recent situations. Mr. STONE, leader of the engineers, said quite frankly that the engineers would expect the public, not the railroads, to suffer. In the coal difficulty also it has been fully realized that for any increase the ultimate consumer is to pay.

With organized capital and organized labor thus able to take care of themselves, what will happen when the devourers of the middle class, feeding from either side, meet at the middle of the corpse?

#### A TEXT AND A CONCLUSION

DEFEATS IN MILWAUKEE and elsewhere mean hardly even a temporary lull in the Socialistic gain. A Socialist party, like any other, will be put in or out of power by the voters according to its record, the combinations against it, and the general state of the public mind. Mayor SEIDEL had more votes this year than two years ago, and was beaten merely by a combination of the two old parties. Professor HOXIE, writing in the "Journal of Political Economy" for March, observes that

it is the union-smashing tactics of the trusts and the economic ignorance, insincerity, and callous indifference to the suffering and needs of the people which characterizes the great American game of politics that gives to the Socialist movement its life and substance.

The Socialists in this country were hardly taken seriously until the Milwaukee election of 1910. Last fall it was thought a triumph to keep them from carrying Los Angeles; Schenectady was carried; they won victories in town after town in Pennsylvania and Ohio. Says Professor HOXIE:

Every successful antiunion campaign will bring into action a Socialist regiment as long as the old parties remain economically blind and archaic. . . . So long as the old parties advance merely along political lines or fail to concern themselves fully and sincerely with the economics of workingmen the American workers and their sympathizers will continue in increasing numbers to go over to the new party which centers its program about the bread-and-butter problem of the people.

Believing, as we do, that what is most needed to-day is economic genius, combined with executive ability and courage, we should bring out a new candidate for the Presidency, except for the knowledge that still-existing prejudice would make unavailable a person of his race—a race which, in its best specimens, combines to an extraordinary degree business sagacity with spiritual ardor. Those who read COLLIER's regularly will guess whom we mean. For the Presidency, as a rule, we discuss only the available. Executive ability and exceptional power of work, far-sighted industrial sympathy and knowledge are combined in the man who is responsible for the best contract between an American city and a public utility corporation; who, thanks to his reflections on the old age of the poor, is responsible for the existence of savings-banks insurance; who invented the preferential shop; whose understanding of efficiency in business prevented the railroads from raising their rates; whose presentation of the evils of long hours made the Oregon laundry case a landmark; whose work on the La Follette trust bill makes that measure the nearest to a solution yet presented; whose comprehension of the principles and also of the details of conservation made the victory over Ballingerism a possibility. Such a man, were it not for unfair prejudice, might well be standard bearer in a day when no progress has much importance unless it is progress in those things nearest the hearts of the laboring many.

#### WHERE MONEY FAILED

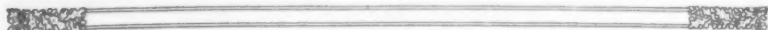
RUBENS USED HIS GIFT as he chose, working through pupils, lending his name, hurrying, and again letting his native and conquering genius shine free. It was the true RUBENS—the hero of style, the master of brilliancy and graceful power—who painted the marvel which has just been exhibited in America and returned unsold to Europe. Why? Because it is a "museum piece." For so celebrated a painting, had it been suited to a private house, some of our rich would have paid three times the \$125,000 asked. What FROMENTIN said of RUBENS is true of this work: "He speaks for a vast audience; he must be heard from afar; must strike a long way off; must seize and charm from a distance." Therefore, because this flight was for the many, not for private walls, not one of a thousand millionaires would come forward to keep it here.

#### THE TECHNIQUE OF HEARST

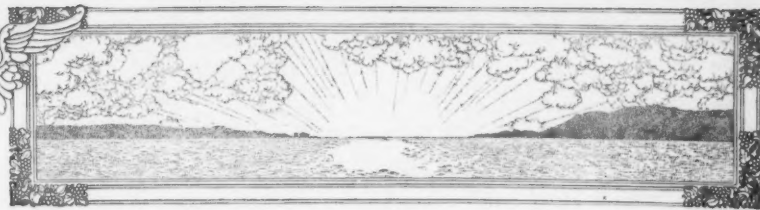
THE SCHEME of the Triple Alliance, namely, the political managers who favor HARMON, UNDERWOOD, or CLARK, to divide territory among themselves, avoid conflicts, and thereby concentrate in every State against WILSON, is being well carried out by Mr. HEARST. Part of HEARST's papers are for CLARK. His new acquisition, on the other hand, the Atlanta "Georgian," is for UNDERWOOD. It is being reported from the West that, while Hearst agents are shouting for CHAMP CLARK, they are, in the words of the Philadelphia "Record,"

at the same time inquiring if Mr. HEARST (called by the foolhardy COLLIER's "WILLIAM ALSORANDOLPH HEARST") would not be a good second choice; and the inference is that Mr. HEARST is himself a candidate for the Democratic nomination, provided it appears that CLARK doesn't arrive pretty early in the balloting.

There is no possible doubt that Mr. HEARST has such a pleasant







opinion of his own popular strength that he sees himself as a possible available dark horse, if the failure of WILSON to have two-thirds of the Democratic Convention shall result in a long deadlock. This view may not seem serious to the public at large, but to ALSORANDOLPH himself nothing appears more desirable and just.

#### LA FOLLETTE

**T**HE CAMPAIGN of the Progressives for the control of the next Republican Convention might have gained force if they had been able to combine on one leader. That was our opinion, but we realize that Senator LA FOLLETTE had a perfect right to hold the opposite opinion, and the fact that he did so does not lessen the enthusiasm with which we congratulate him on the tribute again paid to him by his own State. Considering the intensity of the opposition of the Tory faction there to him, his ability to carry the State so overwhelmingly against the President on a direct Presidential preference primary adds a notable victory to those which he has been winning in a lifetime of unhesitating leadership. The most important aspect of the present situation is that all of the Progressives together shall have more than one-half of the delegates on the first ballot at Chicago. If that happens, the essential victory will be won, no matter which of the Progressives is chosen on a later ballot.

#### SETTING POSTERITY RIGHT

**A**HISTORICAL PHRASE is only created once in a while. Mr. WICKERSHAM seems to have as good a chance as anybody in the present Administration of leaving certain words to the future. His most successful attempt thus far was in his statement that Dr. WILEY deserved "condign punishment." The present generation has no doubt that Mr. WICKERSHAM meant very severe punishment, but as time passes, and future historians study this matter, some of them may argue that he meant suitable or adequate, according to the more thoroughly established meaning of "condign." We would suggest, therefore, that in order to save unnecessary work to posterity Mr. WICKERSHAM should some time take occasion to say exactly in what sense he used the word.

#### NEWSPAPERS

**I**N ANOTHER PART of this issue will be found a collection of editorial opinions about the interference of Messrs. WILSON and McCABE with the enforcement of the Pure Food Act. Out of numberless comments on this controversy we find almost no papers which take the side of the food adulterators and poisoners. It is customary to see attacks on the newspapers which imply that they are below the general average of the community in their ethical point of view. On the whole, just the opposite is true. They are much more likely to be leaders of thought and of progressive standards. Of course, there is rightly held up to them a counsel of perfection, because their responsibilities are great, and they owe very high standards to the public, but the energy with which they are turning in to punish the Agricultural Department for the blocking of WILEY and the maiming of the Pure Food Law is characteristic of their usefulness.

#### UP TO CONGRESS

**B**Y THE WAY, are the Democrats going to amend the Pure Food and Drugs Act in conformity with the criticisms of the Supreme Court of the United States, or are they not? As to the preceding great controversy about the protection of the people's heritage, is Congress, in pursuance of the conservation policy of the Secretary of the Interior, going to pass an act which will put the future of Alaska beyond doubt, or is it not?

#### THE SPRING POET

**T**HE SPRING POET probably gets all he deserves. He does not, however, deserve all he gets. The jokesmith has hammered at his meter until the poet of the verdant fears to call his sonnet his own. Spring poetry is written in early winter, that it may be in time for the magazines that are out almost a month before they are dated, and printed a month before they are out. To write so far ahead requires hope. Hope is not marketable, but a poet who could sit down last December and see the end of this winter, even in his mind's eye, deserves kindness at least. To the spontaneous poets of spring we extend a hand (the hand is to shake—not to fill with verse) to the people—and they are the poets after all—who get their inspiration on the spot; to the people who really feel the thrill of the tender green wheat, of the long shimmering line of trees by the branch, of lamb's-tongue by the road, the violets by the path, wild plum blossoms in the vacant field, and the wild grape in the woods, with the golden sun and fragrant wind over all. No wonder a million or so of those who get into the parks or

the fields or the woods when the slavery of the coal and the snow shovel is over break into poetry. Let them break. We scarcely dare encourage them to try to break into print; but when Pan is piping by the river, the robin in the valley, and the redbird on the hill, to swing into verse, however faulty the meter and the rime, merely proves the soul alive, and the greatest of poems is the living soul.

#### IF THE FASHION SPREAD

New York City, April 32, 1912 (Special Dispatch to "The Apocryphal News")

**T**HE EMPIRE THEATRE was the scene of wild excitement last night when several hundred Englishmen violently protested against the presentation of the play "Oliver Twist," founded on the book of that name by CHARLES DICKENS. The rioters declared that the play is a gross libel on English character. Trouble started when BILL SIKES first poured out a tall cupful of whisky, and became uncontrollable when the same character struck NANCE. It was gathered that the rioters asserted that no Englishman would do the first and none should be exposed in the second of these acts. A shower of roast-beef bones and little balls of gauze paper containing English mustard fell on the stage threatening for a time the continuance of the performance. A call having been sent for the police reserves, the theatre was finally cleared of rioters. Thirteen arrests were made. Messrs. BURTON and BASS, attorneys retained by the United English-American Societies to defend the prisoners, issued a statement declaring that DICKENS had maligned the English race by displaying as representative types a crowd of degenerates and criminals whose like it would be impossible to find in real life. "Anyone knowing the stainless purity of English women and the sturdy honesty of Englishmen must realize the gross falsity of these characters," the statement says. "DICKENS is proved by this work to have been a decadent drunkard. Englishmen in America know the truth better than he and the denationalized sycophants who flattered him." It is understood that the Jewish Societies are preparing to cause trouble at an early date because the character of FAGIN is a libel on the Jewish race. On the other hand, the United Irish-American Societies of New York have passed resolutions declaring that "Oliver Twist" is a true picture of English life and character.

#### MANAGERIAL GOLD-BRICKS

**T**HERE IS SMALL LIMIT to the custom of placing outside a theatre photographs which do not apply to the entertainment within. Stock houses, in using an old success for a week, employ photographs of the original company. This usually deceives no one, but the habit has gone further. When "The Country Girl" was revived at a two-dollar scale of prices, with the announced allurements that many of the original favorites in the cast were to appear, the management put among the lobby pictures one of a popular young actress in the first company who married and left the stage over a half dozen years ago. Another instance occurred in February. The "Imperial Russian Dancers" were at a Boston theatre. Among the pictures in the lobby advertising frame was one individual photograph of LOPOUKOWA. Actually at that time she was at the Winter Garden in New York City. Already things have come to a pass where the "road" disbelieves the advance announcement, "original New York company," even when it happens to be true.

#### BEN

**H**E IS HEAD of the orchestra in a vaudeville house. When the tune is running easily down the line of plodding musicians he picks up his violin and adds to the volume. His head of flowing black hair, his salient profile, seated high over the audience, on a level with the knees of dancing girls, are well known to a generation of theatre-goers. He warms the auditorium for the casual visitor, and to the habitués he is the friendliest fixture in the place. He loves his job. The stale air of the crowded playhouse is for him as good as to others the smell of the sawdust ring. The clapping and gallery whistling arouse him like the alarm to a fire horse. He is a city man, pallid and weary in the eyes, of thin chest and falling shoulders, but he can summon nervous vibrancy that makes him the master. The men and women on the stage look at him for encouragement. He gives back a smile and a toss of the head. Sometimes with his baton, sometimes with the violin bow, and sometimes with the violin itself, he carries the rhythms of his orchestra and directs the action on the boards. The audience are home dwellers who have lived in the district for years and acquired the habit of this particular vaudeville house. Weekly they come and watch BEN lead. He knows scattered family groups all through the house from box to gallery. Some of the old-timers on the stage direct their lines at him by name, and put their jestlets squarely up to BEN, who answers loudly and well.



*A Race to the Chuck Wagon*

PAINTED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

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# Votes (Whang!) for (Biff!!) Women (Smash!!!)

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

*Go chase yourself, you lobster, I'm a loi-oidy!*  
—BROWNING—or was it KEATS?

SOME cynic has defined a historian as a man who lies about what other people saw. In that light, this is not history. It is a humble but veracious record, by an eyewitness, of the Great Historic Window Smash conducted on a recent occasion by a body of determined and self-sacrificing London ladies armed with hammers and acting in support of a widely held political theory. The theory, as nearly as I am able to determine it, seems to be this: that the woman who breaks laws thereby proves her fitness to make laws.

The current of the Strand was flowing peacefully homeward at five o'clock in the afternoon, and I was watching it flow from a side street. On my right a jewellery (no duty charged on the extra letters) store window was offering solitaire diamond engagement rings at prices that made celibacy seem a crime. On my left a hectic cabman was using every persuasion short of physical violence to kidnap me for the price of one shilling. From the rear there approached—but I didn't realize it until afterward, otherwise the hectic cabman would have got me at once—Bellona, the war goddess. Far from warlike was the voice in which her first remark was uttered. In fact, it was so low-toned that I missed the purport of it entirely. Hence (conventionally) I begged her pardon for what was wholly her own fault—that I didn't understand her. At the same time I took a survey of her.

She was of medium height, of less than voting age, I judged, trimly dressed, decidedly pretty, with large brown eyes and the warm color which is the English girl's chiefest asset; and she was tremulous with some suppressed excitement.

AT A GLANCE my original suspicion died a shame-faced death. This was not at all the type of woman who professionally addresses herself to strangers in public places. (Afterward I surmised that I had been mistaken for an auxiliary or perhaps a sentry, posted there by order.) Now she was speaking again.

"Didn't you expect me here?" she asked.

"Not particularly," I replied, which was strictly true, if not the whole truth.

"Oh!" said she. Then, after the briefest of pauses: "Is that your cab?"

"Right-o!" and "Not at all," said the hectic cabman and I in accurate unison.

"Because you can't go away yet, you know," she said hurriedly. "I'm going to begin here."

"Begin what?"

It seemed to me a natural query, but it roused Bellona to her first warlike manifestation. A brighter iris burned upon her polished cheek, as the late Lord Tennyson might have remarked, and she stamped her foot.

"Are you a man?" she demanded.

Only that morning I had purchased a silk hat, which in London establishes the wearer as a higher middle man if not actually a superman, entitling him to subservience from policemen, bus drivers, and the like, and respect from the general public. Consequently my feelings were injured. I took off my hat, looked at its burnished surface, and put it on again. The answer seemed to convince rather than satisfy Bellona.

"Are you a coward?" she amended.

THIS was quite another matter. At twenty, one responds to this romantic query by throwing a chest, à la d'Artagnan, and replying in impassioned tones:

"Test me!" At thirty, one affects a cynical smile, saying: "That depends." But at—well, later on in life—one knows better.

"Certainly," I assured her with fervor.

"And you want to run away?"

"Tyke two of yer, same praise as one," offered the hectic cabman engagingly.

"No!" said Bellona quite angrily. Then something seemed to strike through her nervous agitation to her intelligence.

"You're an American," she declared.

"That also," I admitted. "And now that you know the worst, perhaps you'll tell me how I can be of service to you."

"Ah, then you will!" she cried, her face brightening amazingly. Immediately she became businesslike. "Go into that jewellery store (she left out the extra syllable

in pronouncing it, though) and draw the clerk away from the door. Ask him to show you something. Anything." Her glance fell upon the sparkling window. "An engagement ring," she suggested briefly.

"Is this a proposal of marriage?" I asked, "this being leap year?" She measured me from head—that is to say, hat—to foot with the hauteur of an American ambassador crushing a Cook's tourist. "What am I to price engagement rings for?" I hastily amended.

"To divert the man's attention, of course," she retorted. "I want to do at least ten."

"Ten what?"

"Windows."

"Blimy! She's a-going to do a prig," said the hectic cabman. "Thet's 'er little gyme."

WHILE I was advising him to move on lest a worse thing befall him, and he was advising me (in the process of withdrawing, however) that the street was a public thoroughfare, the fair Bellona proceeded upon her mission. Already, as I turned back to her, she was some paces nearer the plate-glass window. Mysteriously a geologist's hammer had materialized; probably from her muff. She brandished it, advancing in battle formation. May it be set down to my transatlantic ignorance that for the moment I shared the cabby's unworthy suspicion as to "er little gyme"; that she was about to break into the window and "prig" the diamond

And she went about it with businesslike decision. Authorities state that it is surprisingly easy to stab a man; that the knife sinks in, as it were, by its own momentum. Putting a geologist's hammer through a plate-glass window belongs, I judge, to a like category of the effortless arts.

TWO and three store fronts I saw my little lady perforate, while a gathering crowd stood back and observed. Whether they approved the principle of woman suffrage is doubtful, but they obviously enjoyed the process of destruction. Then, being professionally interested in the sources and depths of our English tongue, I lingered to hear what the proprietor of the jewellery shop, who had emerged, might say. Never have I been more richly repaid for a little trouble. Out of two minutes of impassioned rhetoric, delivered without perceptible pause for breath (that shopman must have been a cornet player in his leisure hours), only one observation is quotable in its entirety, and that one the final clincher.

"An' me that gev arf a crown an' my name to a sufferge petition only last week!"

Meantime the hectic cabman, ever in the offing, was still employing his blandishments.

"'Op in an' see the show, sir! Stand yer only a shillin'. Orl up an' down the Strand you can see 'em, a-smashin' away like good uns!"

So, indeed, it was. Across the street a little fawn-eyed woman in brown—the very incarnation of plump motherliness—was wielding a sort of baby sledge with the free swing of a woodsman. None of the scientific snickings of Miss Bellona in her method. Wherever her strong right arm swung—no, it was her left, for I recall noting that she was left-handed—there followed one loud, tumultuous crash of uttermost ruin. Upon the shopkeeping folk her Viking attack seemed to have a strange and shocking effect.

THEY would dart out of their entrances like so many trapdoor spiders at the alarm; but once face to face with the catastrophe, they merely ran around in henlike circles while the authoress of destruction pattered daintily on to the next assault.

The adjoining block was being "worked" by a slim spinster whose exact replica I have repeatedly seen in steel engravings of about 1850, sitting very erect in a chair and always on the extreme edge.

Her lips were thin and very tightly drawn with determination. She moved mincingly, but with determination. Apparently she has evolved a specific theory of impact, for she tapped rather than pounded, and each stroke of the long-handled

tack hammer left a hole as clean as that of a bullet.

The last I saw of her a police officer was leading her away, and she was warmly commending to his notice a pamphlet which she had exhumed from her shopping bag for that purpose.

Then there was the fine, clean-built, athletic-looking girl who had in charge the block where many of the steamship offices are. The steamship-office fronts present tempting opportunities for an artistic window smash. For one thing, they are very large and imposing, and are decorated with lettering which cracks up under treatment into queer, enticing legends. And, I fancy, the female athlete secured this "beat" through social preference.



"An' me that gev arf a crown an' my name to a sufferge petition only last week!"

rings. Involuntarily I jumped for her, but time lacked. With a never-to-be-forgotten noise, the little hammer met the big window. It made a sound at once precise and convincing: something between "snick" and "swish," but embodying the phonetics of both. Within, the shopman looked up, stretching his neck like a startled chicken. Again the hammer fell. Long, flowing lines crinkled and spread across the glass. From his high seat the cabman crowed aloud in the joy of a flashing discovery.

"Blimy!" he proclaimed. "She eyent no prig. She's a suffergette—loidy smasher. Thet's 'er little gyme!"

Swiftly she whipped around the corner into the Strand. "I want to do at least ten," she had said.



"Sorry," she said, "but I don't like to be handled, you know"

She went about her assignment with a lofty and aristocratic air of superior detachment, as one assured of consideration and respect.

"Does 'er little bit like a bloomin' duchess," commented an approving integer of vox populi.

NONE so rash as to stay her triumphal progress until she came to the portals of a German steamship line. No sooner had she struck for her altars and her fires (with perhaps just an extra effect of energy for her native land) than a corpulent Teuton emerged and rushed at her with a roar, seizing her by the shoulder. With perfect composure and a precision of movement evidently derived from the tennis courts, she landed a neat backhand with her implement among the abundant whiskers which fringed his jaw.

"Sorry," she said, with the crisp intonation which the higher-class English give to this form of apology when they don't mean it, "but I don't like to be handled, you know."

Now, I had never before seen a lady hit a gentleman on the jaw with a hammer and still maintain an air of well-bred composure; and I pause merely to express my conviction that it is an inspiring sight and calculated to impress one anew with the transcendent complexities of civilized standards. The German paused for nothing, however. He weaved backward and was straightway engulfed in the crowd; not wholly upon his own initiative, for one could discern hustling hands on his shoulders and a voice stridently inquiring: "Wot the sausage-eatin' blighter means by puttin' 'is bleedin' 'ands on a lydy."

Later I beheld my Amazon being respectfully escorted away by an officer. The officer was carrying a large placard inscribed "Votes for Women," not so much because he wanted to, presumably, as because she had handed it to him to carry, and he didn't see any way out of it.

FURTHER up the Strand a true type of the sex patriot was holding forth. She was little and elderly and vehement; and the pathways of her forcible argumentation were marked, not by neat bulletlike holes but by shattered expanses of desolation. For her inspiration took on the aspects of berserker rage: she flew upon a window as she might at a prime minister, and flailed at it until it dissipated before her. Because of this thoroughness of workmanship, she had demolished not more than half a dozen lights when she was surrounded and fended off from further violence by a cordon of property owners. Then she addressed in impassioned though controlled oratory.

"It is the only way we have," was the burden of her argument. "It is not a pleasant task. No lady wishes to do such things."

"No lady would," interrupted somebody.

"Any lady would," she contradicted, "who believed

in the wrongs of her sex. Your own wives and daughters, you men, will be joining the movement. Nothing can stop us."

And so on. To my surprise I heard general expressions of acquiescence, if not of sympathy, from the crowd.

"Bound to win in the end," said a military-looking man at my shoulder. "Don't approve it. Lock my daughter up if she tried it on. Beastly bad form. But if they make enough of a nahsty row and keep it up long enough, they will gain their point."

TO ME it seemed illogical, this indiscriminate laying waste of private property. So it did to the owner of a little fancy-goods shop, who now addressed himself reproachfully to the oratress.

"Wot's the use, I s'y! Look at the 'orrid 'ole you've 'ammered in my front. Wot 'ave I ever done to you?"

"What have you ever done for us, my good man?" retorted the representative of the Sisterhood of Vulcan condescendingly.

"W'y d'yer play it on private prop'ty?" demanded another. "W'y doncher bash in Winston Churchill's eyeglass or some other Gov'ment prop'ty? There's the Post Office just up a bit—"

"Ah! but you should see the Post Office," she broke

in with a tone of confidential pride. (Later I saw it, and it fully justified her manner of speaking.) And she launched into another argument, which was interrupted by the arrival of a policeman, at whom she promptly aimed a blow.

He interrupted it and took away her hammer.

"Don't you be nahsty now, ma'am," he advised with composed politeness.

"Quite right, officer," she responded with equal good feeling. "My blow was not inspired by any ill feeling against yourself. It was purely a protest. Now you, as a voter, should understand—" and away they marched amiably. She expounded her argument to the last.

THIS was the phase of cheerful, intelligent, and devoted martyrdom. Next I was to see the fleeting tragedy of the movement; a young, plump, fledgling of a girl, with a face of frozen terror, sagging along between two commiserating "bobbies."

"They didn't ought to send out young 'uns like 'er," observed one of them. "It's fair crool, it is."

From the crowd I gathered that this was one of the mercenaries of the sex warfare: a feeble Hessian who, for a sovereign, had hired herself out for the (to her) desperate work.

Some man had brought her in a cab and launched her at her first window, and she had struck, sobbing, right and left until she was captured.

The man had escaped. Incidentally the hectic cabman who had failed of my custom gratuitously pointed me out to a "bobby" as having been an accomplice of one of the window smashers. "I see 'im a-talkin' to 'er 'an a-givin' of 'er the tip to do a bash," and it was only my hotel address and my proud American accent (I had the presence of mind to talk through my nose quite violently), and perhaps my silk hat that saved me.

POLICE reserves were now arriving and spreading in front of the stores, and the window smash was over. Subsequently I found that I

had witnessed but a small part of the carnage. Piccadilly, Bond Street, Regent Street, Oxford Street, Cockspur Street, and other thoroughfares had been invaded by the daughters of Thor.

SHOP windows of every kind had been smashed up, and it was rumored that one plate-glass insurance man had gone mad on the scene of battle and tried to commit suicide by eating the remnants of a 10 by 15 pane upon which a 5 by 2 maiden had just operated with a tamping iron.

In all, the damage was upward of \$20,000; and, as an advertisement for the suffrage meeting that evening, was regarded as a great success. Subsequently the smashers were sent up for sentences, shading down from two months to a few days, to a retreat where all the windows are adequately protected by iron bars.

Some one has termed London "the city of unexpected encounters." A week after the grand window smash I found myself in a theatre lobby shoulder to shoulder with Bellona of the Brown Eyes and the Geologist Hammer.

"Why aren't you in jail?" I asked.

"No thanks to you that I'm not," she retorted with spirit. Then, in a more explanatory tone: "Bail, you know."

"Will you get a long sentence?"

"Probably not this time; it's my first offense."

"This time? Then there will be a next time?"

"Of course. Many of them."

"Until?"

"Until we get our votes."

It was the more impressive in that it was said in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone by a girl in the conventional garb of evening and with the manner of accustomed and assured position. Multiply it by some thousands and back it with some tens of thousands of less militant supporters, and still back of that some hundreds of thousands of believers in essential justice—well, one can't help but believe that it must win in the end.

FROM the American suffrage movement has sprung a conundrum, not new but illuminating:

"What is the difference between a suffragist and a suffragette?"

And the answer:

"A suffragist is a lady who takes tea with Mrs. Belmont, and a suffragette is a woman who goes out and bites a perfectly good policeman."

Despite Bellona of the Brown Eyes, and the Athlete Goddess with the tennis stroke, and the sex patriot with the gift of impassioned argument, I think I prefer the American suffragist and her methods to the British suffragette. But the latter will win first.



It made a sound at once precise and convincing





The Mississippi's flood toll for two weeks has been estimated at ten million dollars in money, irrespective of many lives lost. Thirty thousand persons were made homeless, and two thousand square miles of country, equal in area to the State of Delaware, inundated. The worst of the overflow was between Cairo, Illinois, and Memphis, Tennessee. Government aid in food and tents was required in many places. The photograph is that of the broken levee at Bird's Point, Missouri



Cairo, Illinois, was an island city for a number of days, and was saved only by the work of its citizens on the levees night and day. Almost \$300,000 was spent fighting the flood at this point



Memphis was threatened as never before, the river reaching the "dead line" of 44 feet above low water mark. Memphis cared for a large influx of refugees, and forwarded supplies to the homeless elsewhere



"Flame" Delhi

# Spring Training with the White Sox

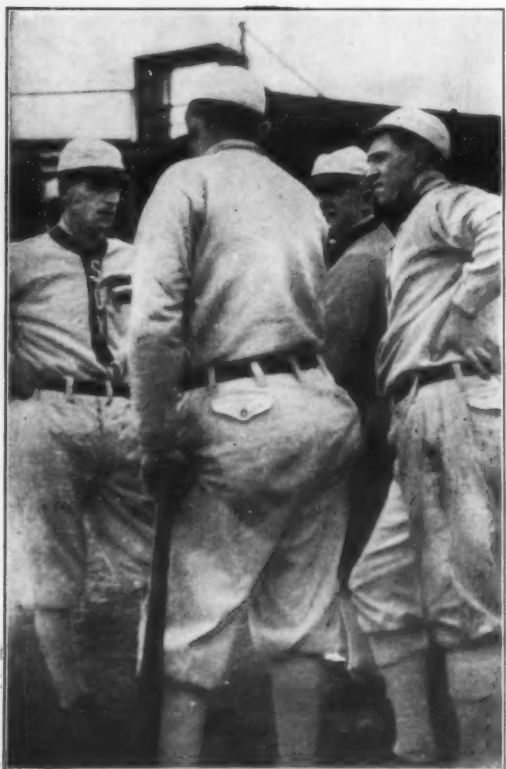
By Will Irwin

## II Mostly Personal

**W**HAT are they like, those heroes of the ball-field who command more space in the newspapers, between March and November, than do our Senators, our Governors, and our captains of finance? Viewed impartially and critically as they pass by simple devices the morning boredom of hotel lobbies, just a lot of healthy, high-spirited boys, better behaved, rather more expensively dressed, than most youths in the twenties. The casual observer would set them off from others of their years, I think, mainly by their large, involuted hands, and by that drawn look in the muscles about the mouth which comes from systematic training. Because of this same training and the nervous control which it brings, they have the ability to sit or stand for a long time in the same position. Boys, stalwart, good-looking boys with athletic figures and untrodden faces, they appear always younger than their ages. Indeed, the recruits, some of whom have already drawn their hundreds of columns of space in the Class A leagues, resemble the graduating class in a boys' school.

*Like the Sculptured Athletes of Greece*

**T**HERE is young Mayer, for example. He gets his major league try-out rather early in his career; he comes fresh to the big show from the bush at Paris, Kentucky. If one may use such a phrase about a man, he is beautiful—the long-lined regularity of a youth on the Parthenon frieze. In his eyes still slumbers the sulky look of defiance with which a growing boy regards this inexplicable and hostile world. The platform of the commencement exercises seems his proper setting. As he stands square on his two feet looking through the window of the hotel at the straggling procession of Texas hats and spring millinery, you half expect him to thrust out his hand in Pose 2, Baker's Book of Gestures, and begin: "Concerning the franchise there are many and diverse opinions—"



A conference over "signs." Left to right—Zeider, Callahan, Gleason, Lord

Then, visiting afternoon practice, you see the men arrive in their uniforms, flanked by small boys who mutely adore or loudly josh, according to their natures; and your own mind shifts immediately to the sporting-page point of view. These really are heroes, worth their thousand columns a summer. As, an hour ago, he exchanged persiflage with the clerk in the hotel lobby, that person just taking his place at batting practice was only a sprightly Italian-American "kid" with a brown eye lighted by animal spirits and a tendency to bellow popular songs. Now he is veritably "Ping" Bodie, the fence buster, who, as both Comiskey and Walsh will assure you on their honor, can hit a ball harder than any man that has decorated the diamond since Anson's day. And when he steps to the plate and meets the ball with a follow-through like that of an expert golfer, you grant to him in your heart all the adulation of the sporting writers. They are at their trade now, doing what none—save the members of the other fifteen big-league teams—can do so well.

However, certain of the veterans, certain indeed of the younger players, stand out at once even to the unaccustomed eye as characters and personalities. Of Callahan, manager and left fielder, I have spoken before. A perfect example of the Celt who has harnessed and turned to his uses that excess of temperament which is the making or destruction of his race, the entertaining Callahan would be the head of almost any table. Billy Sullivan, the wise old catcher, is just as distinctive if less obvious. Physically, he seems small for a catcher. It is hard to realize that since 1897 he has stood year after year of battering from the lightning shoots of Ed Walsh. You realize, in time, that he has accomplished it by training all his powers to the one end. In whatever he does, Sullivan never wastes a motion. When he is in repose, it is perfect repose; when he is in action, he employs only so much action as shall be necessary to his end.

*The Brains Behind the Mask*

**A**QUIET, friendly man, filled with a kind of smoldering good will, Sullivan has furnished to this team most of its brains and a great deal of its character. Ed Walsh, one of the best pitchers in this period and the greatest practical asset of the White Sox, says, with characteristic generosity, "next to Comiskey, maybe, I owe more to Billy Sullivan than to anyone else in baseball." When this young pitcher of raw, uncontrolled power learned from Elmer Stricklett the secret of the spitball, Sullivan set about to teach him control and practical use of it. For two seasons Sullivan worked with him daily, suggesting this and that minute improvement until Walsh could do with the spitball what none ever did before, and very few since—control its "break," know with certainty whether its sudden swerve would be to right, to left, or straight down. Time and again Sullivan has disposed of a batter in the crisis by signaling for some ball which would seem the worst maneuver to the average baseball intelligence, but which proved the very thing for the emergency. Last year, Sullivan put his mind on the problem of the "sign-stealing Athletics." The world's champions, be it known, are wizards at getting the opposing team's "signs"—we must call them that, and not "signals"; if we would talk approved baseball slang. When Connie Mack's men are "in," a dozen pairs of sharp eyes watch

from the bench for every peculiarity of the pitcher, for every slight motion of the catcher. When any of them—and notably Murphy—reaches second base, the average catcher might as well bawl out the play for all he can conceal his intentions. That, by the way, is legitimate; whereas it is "dirty ball" to steal signals by such de-

vices as spyglasses in the clubhouse or electric buzzers. Sullivan solved the problem by a system as subtly ingenious as that of the stage mind reader. Wherefore, the Athletics, in the final sweep of their triumphant season, found the White Sox a hard nut to crack.

*Wholly Personal*

**S**ULLIVAN has managed his life and personal affairs with the same canny thoughtfulness. He has studied to conserve all his physical powers, those being his working capital. That explains, as much as anything else, why he remains a big leaguer at thirty-seven, after nearly twenty years of the hard and hammering position. When he quits, it will not be "back to the bush" for him. An Oregon apple orchard is growing to maturity against his period of retirement. There, with Joe Tinker of the Cubs for a neighbor, he expects to pass his mature years, his family about him, as a gentleman farmer.

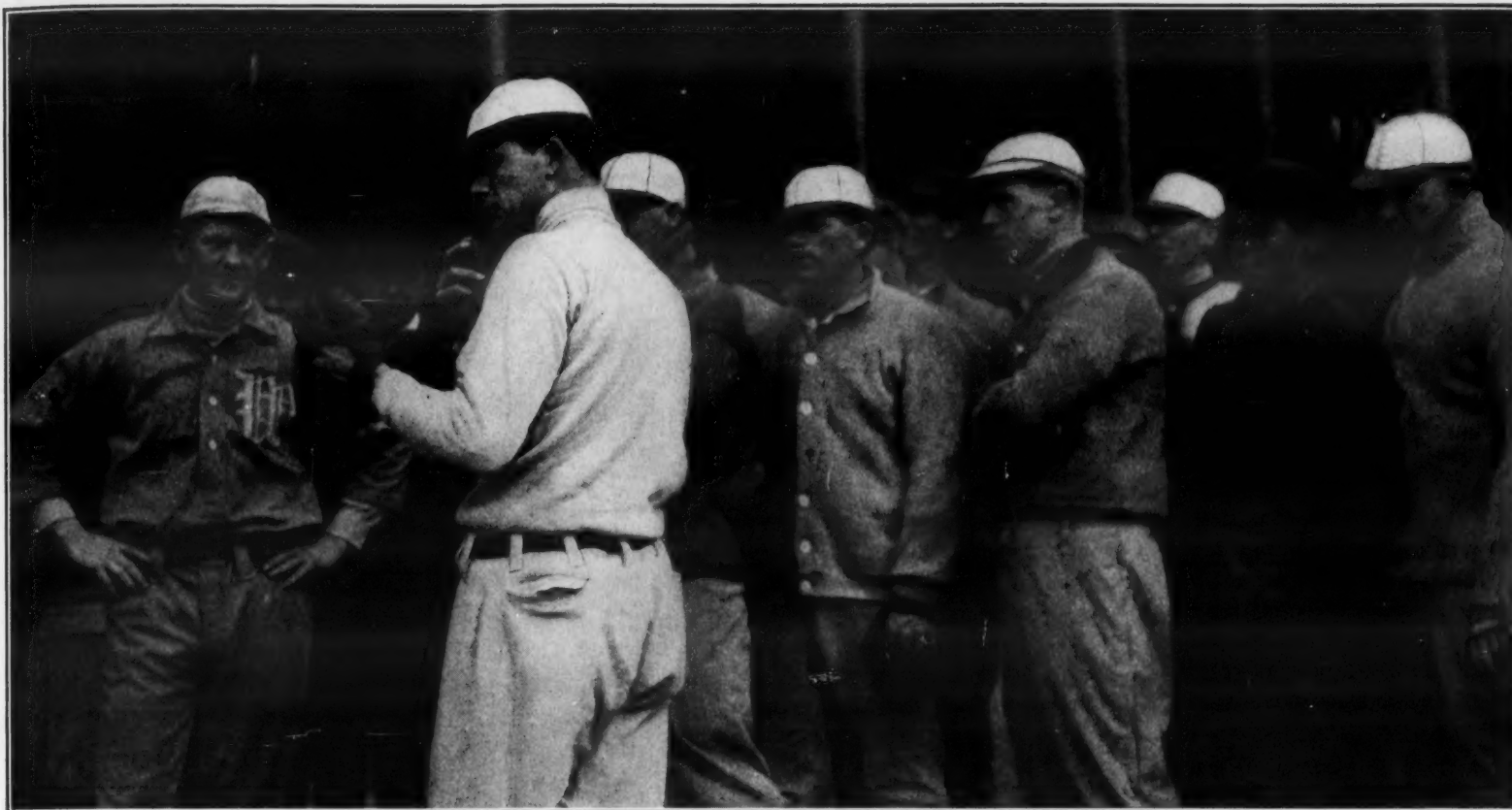
He talks apples with more enthusiasm than ball. One drizzly morning a few of us visited the Waco Cotton Palace grounds to see how the workmen were getting on with the sliding pits. While Callahan and the others discussed the point at issue, Billy Sullivan picked up a spade and began to turn the soil. Presently he stooped down and broke the clods with his fingers. "That loam's never been broken before," he pronounced. "Good apple soil, too, if the climate was right."

Then there is pitcher "Doc" White—accurately nicknamed, since he practiced dentistry before he learned that he could play major-league baseball. He is a veteran in the game, although a youngster in life. Let me set the scenes for his entrance. The White Sox are a great singing team. As they ride to the park in an omnibus, you know they are coming, even if you are around the corner, by the close harmony. Upon our appearance at the hotel, Ed Walsh forced the management to install a piano. There followed several cold, drizzly mornings of inaction. And when the squad had finished the sporting pages or the comic supplements, they would drift into the parlor and sing. Ringe Lardner of the Chicago "American," war correspondent, proved to be the only real pianist in the hotel, although Walsh can drum a few chords to accompany his own voice. Thereafter, Lardner was forever being dragged from his early-morning "mail story" to "hammer the box." Walsh, in a good natural tenor, would sing with real appreciation some of the Irish songs which he loves, with the true accent some of the Harry Lauder ditties which he loves no less. "Ping" Bodie, Collins, "Tex" Jones, and Walsh would link arms over shoulders and perform prolonged chords in "Working on the Railroad." At least, they would when Tex, the bridegroom of the party, could be lured away from that bride who properly occupied most of his spare time. Otherwise, one of the recruits filled in. And once, Father Quille, an appreciative spectator at these concerts, rendered "I'm only a poor little lad" with feeling and credit. But at the end of every performance, some one was sure to remark: "Wait until Doc gets here." Presently, "Buck" Weaver, promising



Ping Bodie, the "fence buster"





Ed Walsh patiently showing an admiring body of young Texas League pitchers how to throw the "spitter"

recruit from the Pacific Coast, appeared in camp. He uncovered a strong voice formed on Orpheum Circuit ideals. When he sang "Meet Me in Rosetime, Rosie," he filled the hotel. Also, he proved to be a good buck-and-wing dancer. The less talented among the recruits sat back and admired, but the veterans reiterated: "You wait for Doc." White, it appeared, had secured a week's furlough, that he might finish a vaudeville entertainment.

#### Ed Walsh Behind the Footlights

ONE morning the omnibus delivered at our door a slim, dapper, dark young man, dressed in that degree of taste which has outgrown diamonds—none other than Doc White. He was welcomed as the college dormitory welcomes the football captain after vacation. Within a half an hour Doc White sat at the piano, trolling out popular selections, which rose as high as "Flee Like a Bird to the Mountains." The veterans were right; Doc White has a barytone voice of natural sweetness and timbre, which he has cultivated as he has all his other physical powers. Thereafter, whenever he could be coaxed to the piano, he sang popular songs for his audience and arias from grand opera for himself.

Within the week Doc White displayed to us his stage talents. However, the hero of this digression is not so much White as big Ed Walsh. Rube Welch and Kittie Francis (in private life Mrs. Welch) were billed at Waco for three nights in their musical revue, "A Royal Reception." Welch and Jimmie Callahan are old friends and allies in the politics of the White Rats. And Callahan suggested to Welch, or Welch to Callahan, that it would be a drawing card to introduce Doc White and Ed Walsh in the big musical mélange. White was not difficult; vaudeville is his "side line." But Walsh—for years Callahan and White have dangled before him

the money they make on the stage during the winter, and Walsh has refused to be tempted. Now, by what blandishments I know not, Callahan persuaded him to make his first appearance on any stage for the benefit of Welch and Francis. That afternoon the management strewed the town with dodgers announcing the event. However, Waco had witnessed another musical show only the night before, and enough's enough. On the great evening the White Sox and their followers filled the boxes and the front rows, but otherwise there

was hardly a corporal's guard in the house. "Looks like a double-header in St. Louis," remarked Scott as he surveyed the empty spaces. Welch and Francis making the most of the situation, "kidded it." Welch exchanged repartee with the boxes. While Leola Lucey and the chorus were rendering their grand finale to the second act, Kitty Francis, in the comic make-up of Mrs. O'Malley, remarked: "I've got to see Mr. Callahan," and climbed up on the edge of his box and sought to embarrass him and Father Quille. Presently Rube Welch stepped out of the part to introduce Doc White, who sang "My Alpine Rose" and fairly won his two encores. Ed Walsh was announced. There followed a breathless moment, for he did not appear.

Now everyone had feared lest Ed—contrary to his custom in baseball—would lose heart at the critical moment. And all day long the players, by subtle devices, had been holding him to his engagement. "How about it, Ed?" asked Rollie Zeider, passing him in the dining room. "I don't know. My voice feels kind of husky," said Walsh. "Getting your alibi ready?" asked Zeider. So, also, Doc White had appealed to his manhood by declaring that he looked pale. The awful pause continued; even the star appeared embarrassed. But presently there came a spurt of laughter from the wings, and out burst Walsh, walking with the air of a man who is going to do his duty if he dies. It appeared later that Big Ed, displaying the innocent gallantry which is part of his make-up, had been entertaining the assembled chorus with stories and had failed to notice the introduction until collared by the stage manager. Dressed in his new brown suit and his calfskin waistcoat, swaying rhythmically from foot to foot on each bar, holding his sheet of music in the grip of the drowning, he rendered "Where the Little Shamrock Grows" with feeling and voice. What though Jimmie Block shouted to Billy Sullivan, "Sign for the spitter, Billy"—what though Rollie Zeider, surveying the house, remarked audibly, "My, his name on those dodgers did wonders"—Ed Walsh refused to be turned from his grim purpose of finishing that song. Three times was he forced to come out and refuse an encore. "Singing before a crowd is no different from pitching before a crowd," he remarked afterward.

#### Doc White, the Efficient

BUT to return to Doc White: his is the temperament of efficiency and success. Walsh, the big, electric, mighty-muscled Walsh, pitches with power as well as with skill. White is slim, spare, graceful. Lacking any extraordinary muscular equipment, he has learned to make the most of what he possesses—to pour the last drop of energy into the task at hand. Walsh can carry the bulk of the season's work and still be ready at any time to rescue another pitcher. In half the Sox games he is warming up by the grand stand, preparing for the call to service. White is good for but one or two games a week. In a full nine-inning effort he has exhausted all his power; he must rest afterward to nurse it back. Beholding his slim, boyish, smooth-muscled figure as he plays about in the swimming pool, one wonders that he pitches at all. Told that he was an athlete, the new observer would pick him out for a distance runner. Perfect control of his muscles and the ball which they propel, the "game sense," intelligence, the will to win—they are Doc White's open

secrets. His very walk is all neat precision. In his citizen's clothes he looks like a fashion plate, and even on the diamond he can progress from home to home, sliding bases on the way, and return to the bench with no hair disarranged. He also has but few years of first-class baseball left; but he need not worry. It will be a case of choice between two or three other talents.

#### Captain Lord a Fighting Yankee

CAPTAIN HARRY LORD is as stanch as—as a Provincetown fishing smack. I use that comparison advisedly, for a Provincetown fishing smack is not more Yankee than Harry Lord. The angle of his nose turns down sharply from that of his forehead. This is a trait which marks the fighting type of Yankee, and is seen nowhere else except in the profile of a well-bred bull terrier. His squeezed, Yankee accent, as he works on the coaching line, contrasts humorously with the full-toned Irish-American speech of his fellows. He is rather small for a ball player, but bulky too; his figure and face are all bone and sinew. His deep-running, active brain, his native physical power, and his fighting force combine in about equal quantity to make him what most experts believe he is—the most valuable of all third basemen, with the possible exception of "Home Run" Baker of the Athletics. Pleasant in manner, a university man, he has yet the true Yankee trait of reserve. He gives himself charily to strangers, generously to his friends. He speaks as little as necessary

(Continued on page 94)



Billy Sullivan



Manager Callahan (left), Captain Lord (right), watching Fournier



Chinese retributive justice fell speedily upon the leaders of the Tientsin riots of March 2. "Seventeen men," writes an eyewitness, "appeared stripped to the waist with their arms trussed up behind them. The march was made to the East Gate, where the unfortunate men were allowed to inform the onlookers of their names and addresses. One after another they were then led out and decapitated at a distance of about ten feet apart in the street." The executioner is seen in the distance



Although neither a decisive defeat for the Federals, as the revolutionists claimed, nor a decisive victory for the Orozco forces, as they claimed, the battle in the vicinity of Jimenez and Corralitos, Mexico, the week of March 24, was dramatic and sanguinary. Believing himself beaten, the Federal General Gonzalez Salas killed himself at Berjemillo, but the army was extricated by General Aubert. This photograph was taken at the Rancho Dolores just as a rebel cannon was fired at the Federal position



# The Worcester Pure Food Exposition

By  
Lewis B. Allyn

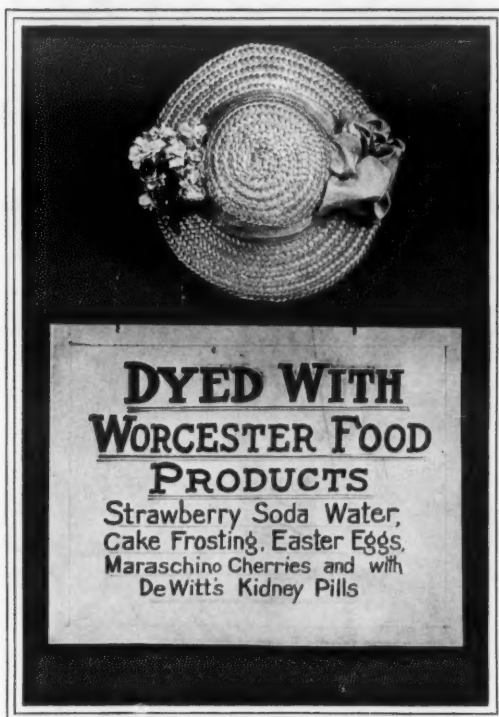
**W**HEREAS, the resignation of Dr. Wiley from office is the most serious blow that could befall pure food legislation, and was due to the impossibility of securing proper enforcement of the law as long as George P. McCabe and F. L. Dunlap continue to serve in the Department of Agriculture; and, whereas, Dr. Wiley believes that the law should be enforced through the courts and for the benefit of the customer; be it resolved, that the Worcester Pure Food and Domestic Science Exposition urge upon President Taft the necessity of the immediate removal from office of Messrs. McCabe and Dunlap, who by their actions have aided and abetted in the destruction of the Pure Food Law, and at the same time the reappointment to office of the Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who may be depended upon to conserve the interests of the customer and the honest manufacturer in enforcing the law."

## Making People Think

**S**O READ the resolutions which were adopted, almost unanimously, at a mass meeting of the Worcester Pure Food Exposition. Almost unanimously! One voice alone was heard in loud protest against the reinstatement of Dr. Wiley—the voice of the maker of acetanilide pills for headaches and a dozen other ills, "phenyo-caffein," sold with premiums of lithographs, sheet music, oil paintings, and the like. In defense of his action, the pill maker remarked that the speaker of the evening, Miss Alice Lakey, had presented only one side of the question. Before voting in the affirmative he wished to hear the other side. It seems somewhat ironical that a proprietor of doped pills should desire to hear "the other side." "Show us the water," said the fish, "and we will believe that it exists."

As far as can be determined this is the first food exposition where no debased food material crept in. In other food shows it has been necessary to remove from booths food products which did not comply with the advanced standards of purity. A working chemical laboratory from the Massachusetts State Normal School at Westfield was located in the Mechanics' Building where the exposition was held. Analyses of food products were being made continually. Lists of approved and condemned articles were printed upon a large blackboard for all to see. **Much to the satisfaction of the director of the laboratory and his assistants, the crowds were more interested in the approved than in the condemned products.** The reason for this is obvious: While a certain amount of destructive criticism is necessary to emphasize the truth, that course taken alone leaves one without foundation for future action. "Don't tell us that those licorice sticks are made of lampblack and glue," said an old lady in the audience, "but tell us where to buy pure ones."

An Easter hat trimmed with ribbons and flowers dyed with the coal-tar dye extracted from foods and medicines was simply a means of forcing the public to think and, thinking, to act. "Great Scott," remarked a Worcester business man when he saw on exhibition a big butcher knife plated with copper from a can of imported peas. "Think of it! Blue vitriol in French peas! Those chicken croquettes I get are the limit, but what do you know about blue vitriol?" The man had begun to think. To have left the matter there would have been unfair. It was then explained to him that canners of American peas and other vegetables do not use copper or any artificial coloring. The Worcester exposition tried to impress upon people the importance of



This visual object lesson attracted the attention of every visitor to the exhibition

using only domestic canned foods. One is safe in purchasing any brand of American canned peas or vegetables if sold in lacquered tins.

This was the first pure food exhibit that tried systematically to educate the public to read the label. Many large signs were displayed bearing the legend: "READ THE LABEL." The chemical department showed a bottle of Jeffer's Cough Sirup, which proclaimed in black-faced type near the top of the package: "CONTAINS NO CHLOROFORM, ETHER, OR MORPHINE," and at the bottom in small type: "Tincture of Poppy 2 1/8 per cent." Several bottles of onion salad were purchased outside the exposition. This product was preserved and debased with three drugs or chemicals—alum, saccharin, benzoate of sodium. Their presence was stated in small type, which frequently escaped observation. If the food is "crooked," small type or ambiguous wording covers a multitude of sins. Reading the label became a favorite pastime in Worcester.

## Ideals of a Model Grocery Store

**T**HIRTY-TWO signs expressing the ideals of the model grocery store were prominently displayed. Here are a few examples:

### ONE DOSE

Of the things we don't allow in our foods won't kill. People don't die that way from food frauds. It is the bad history of food drugs and the bad things that food drugs cover up that we object to.

### ANOTHER REMARK

This is a pure food store. It can't tolerate any form of food fraud or deception. Consequently the drugs and dyes and flavors which the politicians have whitewashed are barred out of here even though they are legal. Politics and health laws don't go any better together than ice cream and beer.

OUR CANDIES AND CHOCOLATES  
Contain no artificial color, no artificial flavoring ether, no soapstone, no radiator lacquer, no gum benzoic, no glue, no paraffin, no iron oxides, or substitute for pure chocolate.

### ROBBED RICE

We have robbed rice because some people want it that way just as they want whisky, opium, and cocaine. The robbed rice won't do them as much harm as the poisons mentioned, but it won't do them the good that rice was designed to do when God made it His way. Anyone who knows more about how rice ought to be than the Almighty who made it can have it, but we'd rather sell the natural brown grain again.

STRAWBERRY, RASPBERRY, PEACH, BANANA, PINEAPPLE, PISTACHIO EXTRACTS

We don't sell them. They are made from formic ether, anathic ether, valerianate ether, benzoic ether, butyric ether, esters, and aldehydes. This is a grocery store, no: a drug store.

### The Campaign Proceeds

**C**ERTAIN definite results, reaching far beyond the city of Worcester, were secured by the exposition. Among other things, there was a general cleaning out of juggled foods from domestic science departments, colleges and universities, schools and hospitals. Not that the directors of these institutions willfully served alum, benzoate of sodium, synthetic ethers, saccharin, sulphurous acids, coal-tar dyes, and the like to their students or patients, but rather that they had given the matter little or no thought. As one steward remarked: "I purchased only legalized products; hereafter no drug nor chemically embalmed food will enter into our dietaries. I will be ahead of the law which permits such things."

The most prominent domestic science department in the city had thoughtlessly served coal-tar dye jam, benzoated catchup, drugged flavors, etc., but as a direct result of the exposition consigned to the dump all of this stuff and started a campaign for foods of quality and purity—a course which is bound to have a tremendous influence. One of the proprietors of the largest soda fountains in the city said: "Henceforth this shall be a fountain known only for the purity of its beverages. No more dyed drinks, no more ether concoctions, and as soon as I can obtain the information how to avoid it, no more benzoated fruit or sirup." This statement was publicly made, not in hot-headed enthusiasm, but after several days of sober reflection, a marked characteristic of this good old Massachusetts community, for Worcester is the most conservatively progressive city known.

Is this campaign to die with the close of the Pure Food Show? No. At an open forum of the Worcester Publicity Association ways and means for municipal and pure food betterment were discussed and a vigilance committee was organized, taking its pattern from the vigilance committee of the New York Advertising Men's League, one of whose duties, be it known, is to stand squarely behind the enforcement of the Pure Food Law by attacking and exposing all advertised frauds, including food and drug frauds. The Worcester Women's Club, a powerful organization, appointed a pure food committee to work with a similar one from the Retail Grocers' Association, and through numerous channels to instruct and to practice the gospel of pure food. The social service committee of the city saw that a great duty in this direction devolves upon it, and it has mapped out a line of action. The State secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association is formulating plans for pure food instruction through its various associations. Perhaps the most hopeful attitude of all was that of the grocers and provision dealers, who expressed the sincere desire to sell and to push goods of quality and genuine purity.

## Pure Food Shown at Worcester

American Kitchen Products Company.  
"Stereo Bouillon" Cubes.

Walter Baker & Company.  
Chocolate and Cocoa.

Cochrane, Burns & Farnsworth.  
Sardines.

C. H. Clark.  
Pure Honey.

Currie & Fairbanks.  
Bread and Rolls.

Crescent Manufacturing Company.  
Mapleline.

Francis H. Leggett Company.  
Premier Whole Wheat Meal, Natural Brown Rice, Jellies, Spice, Olive Oil, Honey-moon Chocolates.

Davinell-Wright Company.  
Coffee, Spices, and Teas.

Friehoefer-Vienna Baking Company.  
Macaroni, Noodles, etc.

Franco-American Food Company.  
Soups, Broths, and Puddings.

Genesee Pure Food Company.  
Jell-O and Jell-O Ice Cream Powder.

Hecker-Jones-Jewell Milling Company.  
Hecker Flours.

H. J. Heinz.  
57 Varieties, Pure Food Products.

Horlick & Company.  
Malted Milk.

Listman Mill Company.  
Flour.

Leicester Polar Spring Water.  
C. F. Mueller Company.

Macaroni, Spaghetti, Noodles  
Moxie Company.  
Moxie.

Minute Tapioca Company.  
Minute Tapioca, Minute Gelatine.

Merrell-Soule Company.  
None-Such Mince Meat and Soups.

New England Cereal Company.  
Cereal.

Procter & Gamble.  
Crisco.

Rebboli Sons Company, Worcester.  
Pure Candies, Whole Wheat Cakes and Bread.

Rumford Company.  
Baking Powder.

Swift & Company.  
Hams and Bacon, Sliced Bacon in Glass Jars, Oleo.

E. T. Smith Company, Worcester.  
Jack Rose Tea.

Talisman Codfish Company, Gloucester.  
American and Imported Fish Specialties.

Worcester Market.  
Crosse & Blackwell's Jam, Marmalade, Pickles, and Anchovies.

T. A. Snider.  
Chili Sauce, Catchup, Oyster Cocktail Sauce, and Salad Dressing.

S. Rae & Company.  
Lucca Oil.

J. Howard, Haverhill, Massachusetts.  
Preserves and Salad Dressing.

Eddy, New York City.  
Jellies.

Nicelle Olive Oil.

Beech-Nut Products.

Major Grey's Chutney.

Humbert & Andrews, Brooklyn, New York.  
Jelly, Asparagus and Tomatoes in Glass Jars.

G. B. Raffetto, New York.  
Bar Le Duc Jellies.

Brand-Al Sauce.

Caroline Seymour.  
Branded Pears, Cherries, Peaches, and Pineapples.

L. H. Prince.  
Bottled French Prunes.

Mawer & Company, New York City.  
Grandre Olives.

California Olive Growers' Association, Sylmar.  
Ripe Olives and Olive Oil.

Horton Cato Company, Detroit, Michigan.  
Royal Mint Sauce.

Falcon Brand, New York City.  
Pitted Olives, Celery, Stuffed Olives.

Durkee, New York City.  
Salad Dressing.

Mother Cook, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.  
Apple Butter, Strawberry Jam, Grape Jelly.

Robertson, Boston, Massachusetts.  
Marmalade.

Dirie, Cornelia, Georgia.  
Preserves, Peach Marmalade, and the like.

C. F. Sauer, Richmond, Virginia.  
Lemon, Orange, Vanilla, Almond Extracts.

W. S. Quimby Company.  
La Touraine Coffee, Golden Dome Teas.

Worcester Salt Company, New York.  
Worcester Salt.

Mrs. Fred W. Wellington, Worcester.  
Pie Meat and Marmalades.

# Wilson, Wiley and McCabe

## A PAGE OF NEWSPAPER COMMENT

**C**OLLIER'S is doing fine public service, as is its habit. The latest good thing is the damningly fair and indisputable record of the conduct of the Department of Agriculture by Secretary Wilson under the Taft Administration.

—Philadelphia (Pa.) *North American*.

The gentlemen in question and their allies cordially approve the administration of the Pure Food and Drug Bill during the last three years which has resulted in Dr. Wiley's resigning, because, as he says in print, the situation has become intolerable, and "the fundamental principles of the Food and Drug Act had one by one been paralyzed and discredited."

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Many of the host of editors calling for this reorganization come more or less reluctantly to the conclusion that it should begin by "permitting Secretary Wilson to resign." Collier's Weekly is making a crusade against him which it fervently hopes will end in his joining ex-Secretary Ballinger in private life.

—Literary Digest.

The administration of the Food and Drug Act is hampered by a bad case of demoralization. It was this demoralization which the Administration could not afford to keep, if it had only understood the true situation, or taken the proper way to understand it.

We prefer to think that politics has had nothing to do with Mr. Taft's half-hearted attitude toward the Wilson-Wiley-McCabe imbroglio. We prefer to explain it by the lack of sympathy with the public needs and expectations which is the most salient feature of his career as President.

—Newark (N. J.) *News*.

The new chief of the Bureau of Chemistry will either serve the bureaucrats who have triumphed in the enormous undertaking of wearing out Dr. Wiley, or his tenure will be brief. In either case the public interests will be inadequately served and the Pure Food Law flouted.

—Providence (R. I.) *Journal*.

Taken by and large, Collier's stands in the foremost rank of American publications for the ability and zeal with which it always champions the people's cause. It is the implacable enemy of fraud and fake, it matters not under what guise they appear. It drove hundreds of flourishing patent-medicine poisoners out of business, administered a body blow at such a species of blackmail as is practiced by disreputable sheets of the "Town Topics" variety, took a \$50,000 fall out of Charley Post of breakfast food fame, and drove Ballinger out of Taft's Cabinet. Considering this record of achievement, "Tama Jim" Wilson may well manifest some perturbation over the prospect of having the large-bore guns of that publication turned in his direction.

Wilson has been considered a barnacle on the good ship of state for many years. At the head of a department which transcends all others in its intimate and direct relations to the welfare of the people, he has utterly failed to keep step with the progress of his times. Worse, he has been grossly reactionary in his attitude on reforms which the people have demanded. It has been charged, and doubtless Collier's will produce positive evidence to that effect, that Wilson has done all in his power to prevent an enforcement of the Pure Food Law. That he has stood in with the food adulterators and short-weight manufacturers is now accepted as a fact. In that connection, he all but drove out of the Government service one of the most efficient men in public life to-day, Dr. Wiley.

—Lewistown (Mont.) *Democrat*.

Solicitor McCabe, in Washington, seems born to make trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

—Buffalo (N. Y.) *News*.



Dr. Wiley Has Resigned

Plaschke in the Louisville "Post"

Collier's Weekly sets forth a suggestive argument for the retirement of Secretary Wilson of the Agricultural Department, in connection with the influence of that department in largely nullifying the work of Dr. Wiley to protect the public against the dangers of fraudulent food product manufacturers. . . . There is no doubt that the longer Secretary Wilson remains at the head of the Agricultural Department the greater the public suspicion of that department, which under the present head has been involved in several rather discouraging scandals. It was largely through Secretary Wilson, either consciously or unconsciously playing into the hands of the fake food product manufacturers, that Dr. Wiley was nagged out of the department, and because he insisted upon doing his duty to the public.

—Birmingham (Ala.) *Ledger*.

Secretary Wilson's administration of a department that seems almost continuously a storm center is beginning to tax the patience of a good-natured public.

—St. Louis (Mo.) *Post-Dispatch*.

Dr. Wiley found that instead of being aided by the Government he was being interfered with by the Government.

And finally, being unable to contend at the same time with the food poisoners and the politicians, being unable to do his best work in an Administration which was wholly out of sympathy with his efforts, Dr. Wiley resigned.—New York *Evening Journal*.

It was only a year or two ago that the country was outraged by what is now known as "Ballingerism." Taft had selected a man for Secretary of the Interior at the dictation of the "special interests," who are seeking to grab up lands in the West and in Alaska. Had it not been for the watchful eye of Chief Forester Pinchot at that time they probably would have been successful. Thanks to the publicity given the bold steal by

Pinchot, aided by such publications as Collier's Weekly, the matter was laid before the people so forcibly that Taft was eventually compelled to force Ballinger out of his Cabinet. . . .

More recently we have the Dr. Wiley case in which the drug fakers and adulterated food manufacturers have been endeavoring to have the chief chemist ousted from office. The barefaced attempt to accomplish this, in which President Taft's Attorney General had an important part, was shown up before the people by the independent press and such pressure was brought to bear that the scheme fell through. It seems, however, that the agitation was kept up within official circles so that eventually Dr. Wiley had to resign of his own accord and Taft refused to take any action regarding those who had a hand in forcing this issue.—Perth Amboy (N. J.) *News*.

Collier's Weekly, following its chivalrous announcement of its intention to make his place too hot for Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture, has printed a two-page attack upon the record-breaking Cabinet Minister. . . . There is nothing in our Government history smaller and more contemptible than the opposition to Dr. Wiley in the Department of Agriculture, and the public is really curious to know why President Taft is so reluctant to part with the Cabinet Minister who tolerates and abets McCabe's fantastic doings. To continue Secretary Wilson in office seems, in present circumstances, to be anything but a kindness to him.

—Chattanooga (Tenn.) *News*.

Another scandal in the Agricultural Department and another investigation brewing! Surely President Taft should call for Mr. Secretary Wilson's resignation at once.

—Salt Lake (Utah) *Tribune*.

Collier's Weekly announces that it is going to probe into the doings and manipulations of the Department of Agriculture during "Tama Jim" Wilson's term of office. It is probable that the probe will result in some resignations, more welcome to the country than Dr. Wiley's.

—Eugene (Ore.) *Guard*.

There is a new muss brewing in the Department of Agriculture. One of the urgent needs at Washington at present seems to be something that will make that department scandal-proof.—St. Paul (Minn.) *Dispatch*.

No matter how much he is knocked in Collier's Weekly, Secretary Wilson may be able to console himself with the reflection that President Taft regards him as a political asset.—Des Moines (Ia.) *Tribune*.

Collier's Weekly has started a fresh campaign, unleashing its specially trained and keen-smelling war dogs, evidently bent upon doing this atrocious thing to the scarred and bemedaled conqueror of the cattle trick and friend of the non-raptorial hawk and owl.

The only pure publication contends that, with or without his knowledge and consent, the prestidigitatorial nostrum mixers and label sharps have made of Uncle Jim a glaring sign of incapacity or a bewhiskered caryatid supporting the entablature of entrenched privilege—or both. Therefore Collier's makes bold to demand his political head, including enough of his shoulders for mounting purposes. . . .

This suffering and imperiled generation is fortunate indeed to have a journal like the Weekly published in its midst, but it is not published often enough. Hebdomed hammering of the nostrums is somewhat like Sunday religion.

A lot of meanness may break out and gain perilous headway ad interim.

A paper that undertakes to keep this present world straight and true and spotless ought to be published every minute—just as often as a sucker is born.

—Fort Worth (Texas) *Star-Telegram*



# The Decline and Fall of Heliopolis

By WILL PAYNE : : : : ILLUSTRATED BY W. C. RICE

ABOUT nine o'clock one evening in the latter part of October, 1896, three gentlemen sat around the pot-bellied cast-iron stove in the office of the Heliopolis "Sun." They were downcast. That day Heliopolis had been deprived of communication by rail and wire with the world at large.

Several hours earlier, as the orb in whose honor their city was named sank to rest, they had formed part of the solemn little group which assembled on the station platform to witness the consummation of this outrage. Toward Billy Welch, station agent, express agent, and telegraph operator, they bore no personal ill will. Like Heliopolis, he was a mere pawn in the fingers of monstrous tyranny. After he had locked the station door for the last time and dropped the key in his pocket, they severally shook hands with him, and as the way freight pulled out for Petersville, bearing the station records, supplies, and furnishings, they waved a grave farewell to Billy on the rear platform of the caboose. The departing train had barely crossed the city limits when it began to snow. Transportation was gone; winter was coming.

TURNING to the little red station, now locked, stripped and deserted, Judge Summy gave an imperfect expression to his feelings by driving his foot through the lower sash of the window. At the sound of shattered glass—the railroad's glass—Captain Hanna smiled slightly. Otherwise the act passed without comment, although everybody present approved it. Judge Summy had passionately maintained all summer that the railroad would never dare execute its threat to abandon Heliopolis. If it did, he declared, the time would come when it would crawl on its knees and beg the privilege to return. The weighty arguments wherewith he had supported this view looked rather dubious at present, and Billy Welch had assured them, with candid regret, that the track itself would be torn up in the spring.

NATURALLY, then, the three friends in the "Sun" office were downcast. For once there was no conversation in them. Judge Summy occupied the wooden armchair, his red and pudgy hands clasped across his rotund stomach, the brim of his black slouch hat pulled low over his brows, his eyes fixed in gloomy meditation upon the cast-iron stove. A box containing sawdust sat at his feet, for the judge was addicted to fine cut. Nobody had anything to say, yet the silence had become oppressive. Judge Summy broke it in a fashion—that is, with misanthropical deliberation, he spat full upon the stove's glowing and defenseless paunch. A habitual impulse to protest stirred dully in the mind of Captain William Henry Hanna, editor of the "Sun" and proprietor of the stove—a lank and sallow person with spiky black beard and hair. But the impulse faded as swiftly as it rose. After all, what did even spitting on the stove matter now? In cynical and apathetic gloom Captain Hanna sat still and watched it sizzle. The third comrade, John W. Nutt, merely took the cob pipe from his mouth and deprecatingly cleared his throat. He meant it as a mild suggestion that friends should be friends and respect one another's stoves even if the railroad had gone.

All three could well remember the time when Heliopolis boasted fifteen hundred inhabitants and actually



"A drop of ink makes millions think"

had a thousand. Year by year, however, the virgin forest had melted before the lumberman's ax. As the timber line receded a wider and wider area of barren stumps surrounded the town. It was all stumps now.

For a long while the stronger-hearted citizens had maintained that this disappearance of the timber would make no difference. There would be other industries; fresh sources of subsistence. Already the Hollanders down around Petersville were doing quite a bit in the farming way. Coal had been discovered only seventy-five miles north. Meanwhile other citizens, like the timber, had gradually melted away, sometimes taking their shops and residences down to Petersville or up to Millersburg; sometimes virtually abandoning them, until Main Street, with here a gaping cellar and there an empty shop falling to decay, bore ghastly resemblance to an aged jawbone.

ONE means of subsistence remained. The little square, red brick courthouse, surmounted by a round and wartlike wooden cupola, still sent up a cheering smoke from the county's coal. But this means of subsistence was in a depleted state because the emoluments of the county officers consisted of the fees received by them and fees had grown deplorably few.

Such was the situation that oppressed the three friends and made gloomy silence in the "Sun" office. Mr. Nutt sighed and spoke apologetically:

"I can just about figure out how I'm going to pull through this winter; but after that—" Another gentle

and speculative sigh was the only conclusion.

Captain Hanna ran his bony fingers through his hair and observed:

"I can mighty near figure out how I ain't going to pull through the winter. If anything's going to happen to save Heliopolis, it's got to happen pretty darn soon so far's I'm concerned."

"Heliopolis!" said Judge Summy, with bitter scorn. "I tell you, boys, Heliopolis is—"

BUT whatever desperate judgment his mind had formed remained unspoken. The door opened noisily and a stranger emerged from the night and snow. He was an undersized, deep-chested, and bandy-legged man. His light, threadbare overcoat, faded to a pale green, was buttoned up to his chin and a cloth cap was pulled down to his eyebrows. His face was blood-red from cold. A big Roman nose projected beaklike, and his eyes glowed under the cap's visor. Along with the blast of wintry air he introduced a powerful odor of spirits into the close, overheated room.

Banging the door shut behind him, the stranger faced the group around the stove and demanded quite fiercely: "Who's the editor? I want a job!"

THIS was very much as though a tourist, descending upon a camp of frozen Eskimos, had said: "I want porterhouse steak, baked potatoes, green corn, salad, cheese, and coffee. Serve it immediately."

"Well, stranger," said Captain Hanna, when he had recovered sufficiently to speak at all, "I am editor of this paper and mayor of this town and county superintendent of education and road commissioner and delegate to the Republican County Convention. Judge Summy there is registrar of deeds, chairman of the board

of health, township supervisor, and proprietor of the abstract office. Mr. Nutt, here on my left, is county treasurer, poor commissioner, game warden, life, fire, and marine insurance agent, and official crop reporter for the Department of Agriculture. If any of those jobs would suit you, I guess you're welcome to it." He spoke with amiable and amused indulgence for the stranger's condition.

THE stranger's somewhat cloudy mind seemed divided between surprise and suspicion. For a moment he surveyed the group questioningly; then turned to Mr. Nutt with the doubtful inquiry: "County treasurer, eh?"

"County treasurer," Mr. Nutt replied—sharing Captain Hanna's good-natured amusement at the stranger's condition. "If you'd like to store your baggage in the county's fire and burglar proof safe there ain't much to hinder."

Having pondered that offer, the stranger addressed Judge Summy: "Yours is registrar of deeds?"

"It's a fee office," the judge replied. "So far this month I've recorded four deeds at a dollar and a half apiece."

Removing a bare and reddened hand from his overcoat pocket, the stranger thoughtfully twisted his slim mustache for a moment; then inquired of the editor, quite humbly: "Have you got anything at all to eat?"

Pointing to the editorial table in the corner, Captain



"Whose is it, and where did it come from?"

# "All of It"

By  
PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Illustrated by  
LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

to chuckle brazenly as he gazed, for the coarse paper was filled from end to end and from side to side with finely drawn lines that indicated bars and wheels and ratchets and traction rods and cogs and pawls, the several parts of Jacob's great invention, the name and object of which he cunningly guarded. However, the work never appeared to get any further than drawings. This was the joke. This was why the foreman laughed.

PERHAPS the foreman would not have chuckled quite so long if he had known that a duplicate set of those drawings had gone out of the prison the day before, sewed up in a bale of jute bags, and that an old woman, picking up coal on the railroad tracks, had hung about the little station, moiling furtively among the bales as they stood on the freight platform, till she came upon one marked quite inconspicuously with a smutty cross, and that when she trudged away finally with her sack of coal upon her shoulder, she clutched that duplicate set of drawings in her bosom.

But the time was coming for Jacob Inlow, the convict, to laugh. Each week he received through the mail a bundle of newspapers, addressed in a cramped, uneven hand. The week after the drawings went out, Jacob found upon the wrapper that carried his papers an inconspicuous, smutty little cross. When he saw this he laughed, not the hearty, wholesome cackling that rings out of the soul of a man who lives in the open, but a dry, ghostly chortle that died half apologetically upon the lips.

That night, too, Inlow lay upon his bed wakefully and dreamed.

The next day a convict, going out to work in the quarry, carried in his shoe a peculiarly shaped bit of wood cut from a cigar box, which exactly corresponded to one of the details of Jacob's drawing. The woman who gathered coal would find it under a loose rock at the edge of the quarry, and, following carefully the drawing, would fit it into the marvelous machine which was to grow bit by bit and week by week under her hand in her own hovel, far from the brain that was creating it.

REFLECTING upon this at night as he lay upon his back, staring upward into the blackness of his cell, Jacob dreamed again a wildly daring dream of an inventor's just reward. His convict bed was in the east room of a mansion, and its gas-pipe head and foot had become burnished brass, while the cement walls of his cell had moved further away and were tinted and shaded by artist hands. The luxury and lure of the beautiful filled all his picture.

The prison officials did not discern the reason of Jacob's contentment—did not know it was because oddly shaped bits of steel and wire and wood were still finding their way out of the prison through devious channels and into a shack where a gray-haired woman felt her way patiently, painstakingly, with seamed and grime-stained fingers, over crude drawings, often doubting and uncertain, but always finally building the piece firmly into the fabric of the machine.

True, the time for Jacob was long—very, very long; but the hope also was great—very, very great. What matter, therefore, if transportation was of necessity slow and irregular and uncertain? These were his difficulties. He had set himself doggedly to overcome them. He was overcoming them. There were nine hundred and sixty-four separate parts in his machine. Sometimes a piece outward bound was lost, and he was long in learning of it. It was disappointing to find on the under side of the wrapper that carried his weekly papers a faintly traced number which, when pressed against his oil lamp at night, read: "361—." That minus sign meant that part No. 361 had gone astray or been broken.

BUT the man persisted—persisted while his hair whitened and his frame bent—persisted through the years until one long day, pressing his wrapper against the lamp, he read: "964+." That plus sign opposite 964 meant that the last part had been received and put in place. The machine was finished. Moreover, the wrapper of his paper contained certain strange perforations. The convict placed these perforations over the key on the side of his drawings. They gave his personal description—as he was when he entered the prison walls with the great idea in his mind. It was not his description now, not by any means—but the machine worked! It was finished and it worked! He had the evidence.

Joy surged through the dry veins of the old man until they seemed to crackle. Ashamed of such emotion, he gulped hard, and opened his paper to read. The date line seemed to be the only thing on the page. It actu-

manipulation of keys with the emergence of a slice of tinted paper carrying certain disk-shaped perforations at irregular intervals over its surface. These perforations were not at random, but in accordance with a code. The machine was one to make check raising forever impossible. All his life Inlow had been going to jail for check raising. To perfect the invention and build the first machine would take years and—money! The inventor knew but one simple method of getting money. It was the irony of fate—that fate which jests at genius—that Inlow, to get the money to build the machine to prevent check raising, himself raised a draft of a down-State bank from an unassuming eight dollars to an entirely prepossessing eight thousand.

While Jake divided with his confederates and prepared to locate a secluded shack in the hills where he could hammer and file and drill to his heart's content, officers followed the broad spoor of his crime to the very heels of the criminal.

IT WAS dark when the officers came upon him. Inlow was not alone. There was an exchange of shots. An officer was killed. Inlow himself was readily taken, but his accomplice escaped. No weapons were found upon the captured man, but his confederate, who was unknown to the police, had vanished completely, and the blood of the slain man demanded a victim. Jacob Inlow was charged with the killing. He sat in the dock and heard his accusers tell the story of it, heard them read his record of felonies from sea to sea, and then stood up and stared stolidly while the judge gave him "all of it."

While the other convicts were marched away to their afternoon's task, Inlow brooded unsocially in the yard till lock-up time.

He was now a year under fifty. He had prided himself that he was young for forty-nine. The snap of youth was in his eye, the elasticity of it in his carriage and movements. The prison life ages men fast, but it was his boast that all his years "behind" had never broken his spirit. He would welcome the solitude of a cell, for plans were swiftly forming in that cunning brain of his, and those resilient spirits were already on the rebound.

NEXT day they put him to work in the machine shop, for Jacob was exceedingly clever with tools. He could get action out of wheels and cogs that stood still for everyone else. It was, therefore, a foregone conclusion that the foreman would demand him the moment he learned that Jacob was in the prison. It was also a foregone conclusion that trouble would start when Jacob did, for he had the same marvelous capacity for clogging the mechanism of prison discipline that he had for making machinery run. But the prison officials were willing to take chances on this, trying by reprimands, transfers, withdrawals of privileges, and even by strait-jackets and "solitaires," to undo the damage that he did to the prison social order, while the man himself, with grease-stained hands, a scrap of waste in his hip pocket, his striped prison cap over one ear and his cunning eyes peering cannily into the intricacies before him, with wizardlike precision was undoing the wrongs that careless handling had done to lathes and looms and cutters and stitchers.

This arrangement also suited Jacob well. It put him in touch with tools and materials, for he was determining to build his machine surreptitiously, under the very eyes of the guards. This also brought him into relations with the twenty convicts in the machine shop and into occasional contact with the convict operators of machines from every part of the industrial plant, who were continually coming in about their mechanical difficulties. These men were thus foreordained to be Jacob's messengers to the outside in ways of which they wot not. And now, too, in the furtherance of his plans, Jacob busied himself in every spare moment with such rude drawing materials as were available. As the months lengthened into a year, and in every unoccupied hour he was engaged with his drawings, it began to be a joke around the shop, a furtive joke to be chuckled over when Jacob could not hear. Toward the end of the second year the foreman laughed openly as he peered over Jake's shoulder at the sheet, continuing

JACOB INLOW and prisons knew each other well. His picture, front and profile, was to be found in many albums. Certain minute measurements of his body, together with intimate details of his physique not casually observable, were a part of the first-hand data of penology in several States. On the books of the institution, which to-day opened its familiar doors to him, he had a record of three prior visits of successively increasing length.

But there are some things to which a man never does get used. With an affected nonchalance, however, though it deceived not even himself, Inlow went through the motions of hair cut and bath, and stood imperturbably while his Bertillon was rechecked. It was noon, and a group of striped convicts lounged in the yard and cast curious eyes at the new figure in particularized tailoring, which appeared just then in the office door. In them Jacob recognized his own kind. Quite logically he drifted across the yard to the tigerish-looking line which, by the mere shuffling of feet and the shifting of legs, opened and engulfed him.

"'Llo, Jake!" they guttured, crowding round. "Whad y' bring with yuh?"

THIS, in convict circles, was the language of good form for preferring an interrogatory as to the number of years of one's sentence.

"All of it," Inlow croaked, with a dry husk in his voice, and this, on Jake's part, was again the prison patois for a life sentence.

"What t' 'ell!" muttered the group in gloomy sympathy.

As for Jake, he shouldered his way through and sat down upon a bench, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, his shoulders humped over and himself presently lost in moody abstractions. Coming back always took him hard. This time it took him harder than ever.

"All of it!" All of life! All of liberty, all of the blue sky and the open road and the wide, tossing sea; all of the singing of birds and the prattle of children; all of the eager surge and throb of the mighty pulsating life of the world of to-day. All of it—and yet, not quite all; because for months his mind had been obsessed by one mechanical idea that refused to be barred out even by the clanging doors of steel.

The man was an inventive genius. He had the imagination of a wizard. When he closed his eyes he saw wheels turning, he heard cogs clicking and the soft play of delicately adjusted bearings, and observed the



ally ogled him. He gazed back at it stolidly, as he had gazed when the judge gave him "all of it." But he was thinking deeply now, as he had been thinking deeply then. "July 27, 1911." Eleven years! Eleven years had passed since first he began to send out those bits of wood and metal, and eleven years is long when a man is already past the middle life. Besides, a year inside is worse than two elsewhere for aging. Eleven years!—eleven since the woman outside had begun faithfully to gather coal upon the railroad tracks. But now she would go away. Now would come the really anxious, waiting, nerve-racking time. Now his part was done. Now he must wait for others to do theirs. They had proved themselves faithful. Would they prove themselves *capable*?—the woman who had been his patient pal, and the man, Skinny Martin, who would have been inside doing life on his own account if Inlow had told all the truth that day in court. Would they prove capable of patenting his invention, of organizing a company and putting it on the market and gaining such headway in its promotion that the National Bankers' Association would come to the Governor of the State and say:

"Jacob Inlow is a public benefactor. He has atoned for his crimes. He is entitled to liberty and citizenship and emoluments, to honor and the fruits of his wonderful invention."

Time alone could tell.

The next morning, as Jacob, pencil in hand, stood at his bench, by sheer force of habit checking over the greasy, year-stained roll of his tracings, he said to the foreman:

"I don't want to work to-day."

"Why?" asked that person, naturally.

"Celebratin'," answered the old man, huskily, dropping his eyes as a shameful flush of pride overspread the prison pallor on his cheeks.

"Celebratin' what?" snapped the foreman, impatiently.

"My machine is done," answered Jacob, soberly.

The foreman looked into the convict's face curiously, looked and saw upon it a kind of glory such as might be upon the features of a man who had reached the first stage of realization of an age-long hope. The foreman did not laugh this time, for he had come to have a kind of respect for old Jake and had learned to humor his vagary.

"Oh," he exclaimed, understandingly. "Sure. I'll speak to the Captain of the Yard about it."

And he did, trudging up to the office to say:

"Cap! I wish you'd give Inlow a day in the yard. I'm afraid the old boy's goin' dotty on us."

"All right," said the captain. "Send him out."

IT WAS just a common river-front saloon. The machine was placed on the end of the bar. A tall man with nervous eyes and a flowing gray mustache, whose face indicated that he had seen full as much of the darker side of life as of the brighter, stood with an arm about it. The contrivance, higher at one end than the other, with all its strings and keys, looked as if it might have been the crude model of the first adding machine. The man had a supply of blank drafts and a fountain pen, and when he had succeeded in gaining the attention of any man who looked like a possible investor, he pushed a blank draft over, saying:

"Fill that out, please, for any amount you wish, making it payable to yourself, and let me show you something."

This done, he thrust the draft into the machine, on the top of which were rows of keys, rudely rounded out of wood like the heads of clothespins. On these heads were printed letters and numbers, and even short words, such as "Light," "Gray," "Dark," "Heavy," and so forth. The demonstrator turned a little crank, pushed a key here and there, turned the crank back again, and drew out the draft. Various perforations appeared, where disks of paper, half the size of the end of a lead pencil, had been clipped out. From beside the machine a key card, carefully lined and lettered with pen and ink, was produced.

"Put the draft on the key card and watch the numbers seen through the holes and the printed words on the margin," was the next instruction.

THE check writer did so, and read through the disks and by means of the key words the exact amount of the draft in figures, and a complete description of himself, to whom it was payable.

As he looked up in wonder, the demonstrator exclaimed with pride:

"Couldn't raise or switch on that draft anywhere in the world that this machine was in use, could you?"

"You sure couldn't," would be the inevitable admission of the draftmaker.

Among those who looked on at these demonstrations was Aaron Bright. Bright was a civil engineer with some mechanical genius on his own account and considerable promoting ability. He had made a little money and expected to make more. In addition, he had the reputation on the water front, where he did a small contracting business, of being absolutely square.

"Whose is it, and where did it come from?" asked Aaron, who was a lithe, clear-faced man, standing squarely on his feet as he talked.

"It was invented by a convict—a life-terminer in the State's prison," replied Skinny. "I been tryin' for a year to place it and I can't make it go. I'll get sore and sell the blamed thing some day to somebody for twenty

dollars and let her slide. Jake can't kick. I give his old contraption a square try."

"Has it been patented yet?" asked Aaron, who was fingering it experimentally, while closely scrutinizing every detail of the exceedingly clever yet clumsy contrivance—clumsy because of the crudity of the materials which the inventor was compelled to use in the manufacture of his model.

"No," answered Skinny, "I want to find a backer—some man who will patent the machine, share and share alike with the inventor, and go to manufacturing it."

Bright looked shrewdly at Skinny Martin.

"What have you got to do with it?" he asked.

"Nothin'—not a blamed thing—I'm payin' a debt," averred Skinny with frankness.

Bright, not too unsophisticated to guess the nature of the debt, turned his eyes, which were lighting with enthusiasm, once more upon the machine.

"Bring her over here to the table," he said, "and let's watch her perform some more."

IT WAS noontime again in the prison yard. A slat-like figure, newly encased in convict garb, was drifting across from the office to the lounging zebra group. Another figure, old and thin and worn, suddenly started up to greet the newcomer.

"Skinny!" he ejaculated excitedly.

"Jake!" mumbled the latest addition to the colony shamefacedly.

"What for?" asked Jake, aghast.

"Raisin' one," confessed Skinny, sourly.

"Did you get the writin's, the contracts, from this guy Bright?"

"Nothin'," muttered Skinny, grumpily. "They picked me off in the night. Railroaded me, too!"

"You rum-soaked fool!" blurted Inlow, bearing down hard on Skinny's weakness. "Thank God the woman's got some sense. She'll turn it for me yet if you haven't thrown it clear away."

"The old girl got a jolt herself," observed Skinny, turning away, as not caring to look upon the face of his friend when this piece of information hurtled into his brain.

Jacob Inlow, old and somewhat bent, sank down upon the bench under the weather house in the open yard. For long he stared at the ground in miserable silence.

Skinny was sitting not far away. At length hope stirred again in the breast of the inventor.

"Wha'd she bring?" he asked hoarsely.

"Seven," muttered Skinny without turning his head. Seven. It was too long to hope.

"That guy'll rob me," Jake moaned weakly. "They got me down and out. S'help me God, they have!"

THE foreman of the machine shop began to notice a great change in his prized expert. Jake's mind seemed to be slower! His fingers were all thumbs. Delicate work intrusted to him was spoiled. Simple problems vexed his brain. Through it all he toiled, harder than ever. The old man was game. He moiled at the short tuft of grizzled hair upon his forehead till it became a mere wisp as he puzzled over his work. At night they had to force him from his bench. He rushed eagerly to his tools in the morning. But at last one day they took him from his machine, took the drills out of his hands and the work from before his eyes. The next day Jacob was not in the machine-shop detail, and the warden was reading a letter from the Governor. The communication was a very terse one. "Send me the record of Convict Jacob Inlow," it said.

A week after this a tall, clean-built man with a frank, open face called upon the warden. He said his name was Bright.

Mr. Bright carried a machine under each arm. One was a beautiful thing of nicked steel and gleaming enamel, delicately and gracefully constructed, and the bearer placed it with pride upon the leaf of the warden's desk. The other, which he placed beside it, was a thing of strips and strings and wooden pegs, the model which Bright had first seen upon the end of the bar in the river-front saloon.

THE warden looked at the two machines upon his desk and lifted his brows inquiringly.

"That," said Mr. Bright, "laying his hand upon the model, 'is one of the most useful and remarkable machines ever devised. It came out of your prison. It is patented in the name of the inventor, Jacob Inlow, who, I understand, is serving a life sentence. He is my partner. I have come to ask for the privilege of showing him his own machine, which he has never seen before.'"

(Concluded on page 38)



With a low cry he leaped forward

# The Laborer and his Hire

## II.—Every Man for Himself

By WALT MASON : : : ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



The meal was disposed of with a fiery zeal

**I**N THE West the portfolio of the railway section laborer is considered about the least desirable of human occupations. It has become so unpopular that free born American citizens seldom are seen toiling on the tracks, and most of the work is done by Mexicans. Section labor is back-breaking and heartbreaking, but if I had to choose between a job on the farm and a job on the section, the latter would receive my vote.

The section man goes to work at a certain hour in the morning and quits at a certain hour in the evening, and for sixty minutes at noon he may rest and refresh himself. He does not work alone, but has companions, with whom he may discuss the crops or the weather or the initiative and referendum. Moreover, he has an American boss, and this boss is a descendant of the steamboat captains of the brave old days when our native profanity was at its best, and it's a real pleasure to hear a section boss doing a job of word painting. Sustained and soothed by an endless flood of eloquence, the section hand does his devoir cheerily, and when six o'clock comes his day's work is done. The evening is his own, to have and to hold, and he may spend the long hours reading Darwin's "Origin of Species" or playing the slot machines. The section hand enjoys this glorious boon, yet his job is considered the last one a man should take.

**T**HE farm hand has no rest from the time when he is pried out of bed before sunrise in the morning until he hoists himself up to his attic bedroom by his bootstraps, after the curfew has tolled the knell of parting day. After breakfast he drives his team afield. The poets usually picture him as whistling blithely or singing a merry roundelay, but he does nothing of the kind. A man can't swear and whistle or sing at the same time, so the musical features are dropped. The farm hand always is lame in the morning. He wears heavy cowhide shoes of necessity, and these alone would cripple anybody; and they have a wonderful way of gathering up pebbles and cockle burs and all manner of refuse, and every once in a while the martyr has to take his shoes off and shake the macadam out of them and pull a lot of thistles and things out of his feet. These misfortunes don't bother him much in the heat of the day, but on the following morning the anguish is terrific.

His shoes feel like the iron boots of the old-time torture chamber, and every step is an execution. Imagine a man singing under such conditions! I used to

go to the field weeping like Rachel, who refused to be comforted. Then began the long, weary day of plodding back and forth across a corn field, cultivating the young and tender vegetation. At that time the riding cultivator was a novelty, reserved for the idle rich. The hired man had to walk, and there is no labor more exhausting than walking on plowed ground. Your feet sink several inches at every step, and if the soil happen to be damp it sticks to your shoes, and keeps on accumulating until each shoe weighs fifty pounds and looks like a washtub, and you have to sit down and clean the real estate off with a trowel every now and then.

The man who has done much farm labor has a heavy, stiff-legged gait possessed by no other human being. He lifts each foot with such an effort that you can hear the suction, like the exhaust of a pump. When he stops for a minute, even on a city street, he holds his foot up sideways, to see how much landscape is on it. A man never outgrows that habit. Even now, when seated on a luxurious Oriental divan, I often absent-mindedly pick up my feet and try to whittle the mud off them with a jackknife.

It was lonesome work cultivating corn. Man, when he is young, is of a gregarious tendency, and it is a punishment to be alone all day, communing with sorrel mules. He naturally has a lot of views concerning the tariff and such things, but there is no satisfaction in having views unless you can pass them along. Along about ten o'clock in the morning I began to get hungry and by eleven I could have eaten a porcu-

pine. The fiercest thing in the world is the appetite one acquires while doing real farm work. The boss had an old cracked bell suspended from a pole, and the music of the spheres was a discord as compared with the divine harmony of that bell when it was rung at twelve o'clock. The mules, which had potted along all forenoon in a comatose condition, knew the bell as well as I did, and when it rang they put up their proudly arched and glossy necks and hotfooted it to the barn as though going to a fire.

After putting the mules in their separate boudoirs in the barn, and feeding them corn, I hastened to the house and did yeoman service at the table. Nobody wasted time in idle discourse while eating. The meal was disposed of with a fiery zeal, as though some sort of prize was to be awarded to the consumer who got done first. After eating several loaves and fishes, one naturally wants to sit under a tree and smoke or meditate upon helpful things for a while, but that solace isn't granted the hired man. This fact is one of the chief causes for the scarcity of farm help. An hour of rest after the midday meal is one of those inalienable boons for which our fathers laid down their lives. So long as a hard-working man is denied this privilege, it is useless to talk about Freedom on her mountain height.

**T**HE boss always had something to be done immediately after dinner. Probably he spent most of the forenoon thinking up the job, for, no matter how generous and kind-hearted the employing farmer may be in a general way, he can't endure the thought of the hired hand being idle for ten minutes. There were sickles to grind, or a log to be sawed into stove lengths, or peradventure it was necessary to crawl under the barn to see if the muley hen hadn't hatched out a brood. I used to resent the noon chores more than anything else, for they always seemed to have been planned deliberately, just to keep me busy.

The hired hand is resenting things all the time, in his silent way. It is useless to say anything, and he can't summon a walking delegate to carry his grievances to the seats of the mighty, for there are no seats of the mighty for him. Farm laborers are perhaps the only workingmen who can't have an effective organization. In order to have an organization men must hold meetings and elect officers and denounce the iron heel of oppression. Farm hands can't hold such meetings for obvious reasons. They are too widely separated, and they never have the time. Moreover, when the day's toil is ended they are too tired to care whether the Tyrant rides in his crimson chariot or not. Their highest ambition is to get to bed and give a demonstration in ground and lofty snoring.

With the farm laborers it is every man for himself. They must fight their own battles and gather their own rewards, and, as a consequence, they are the hardest worked and the poorest paid of all the toilers in the vineyard.

This is the second of Mr. Mason's series of farm sketches. Others will follow at short intervals.



Crawling under the barn to see if the hen had hatched a brood





## Why not let four corps of tire specialists unite their efforts to make the tires you use in 1912?

You can do it—and without *a cent of extra cost.*

Such a condition in the tire business is not only absolutely *new*, but it gives the motorist an opportunity to keep his tire expense *where it belongs* that could *only* be brot about by a four-factory organization such as is back of *all United States Tires.*

The motorist who is *at all* acquainted with cooperative advantages in manufacturing, will immediately recognize the *quality possibilities* where four complete and highly efficient organizations *combine their* experience and their skill and their secrets to produce a single *superior-grade* tire.

Yet that is precisely the method employed today in manufacturing a brand of tires that any motorist can purchase anywhere in the United States for the same price he is asked to pay for tires *not* made as United States Tires are made.

This being the case, why should it be necessary for the tire-user to postpone the use of these four-factory tires until he has actually had *unsatisfactory* service from other kinds?

Why not *add to* the possible satisfaction you may have had from the use of other tires?

Why not get *all* the tire mileage it is possible for your money to buy?

That is *exactly* the opportunity that is offered you in the purchase of United States Tires.

You get *combined skill*, and *combined strength*, and *combined durability* in these tires, and without *a cent of extra cost.*

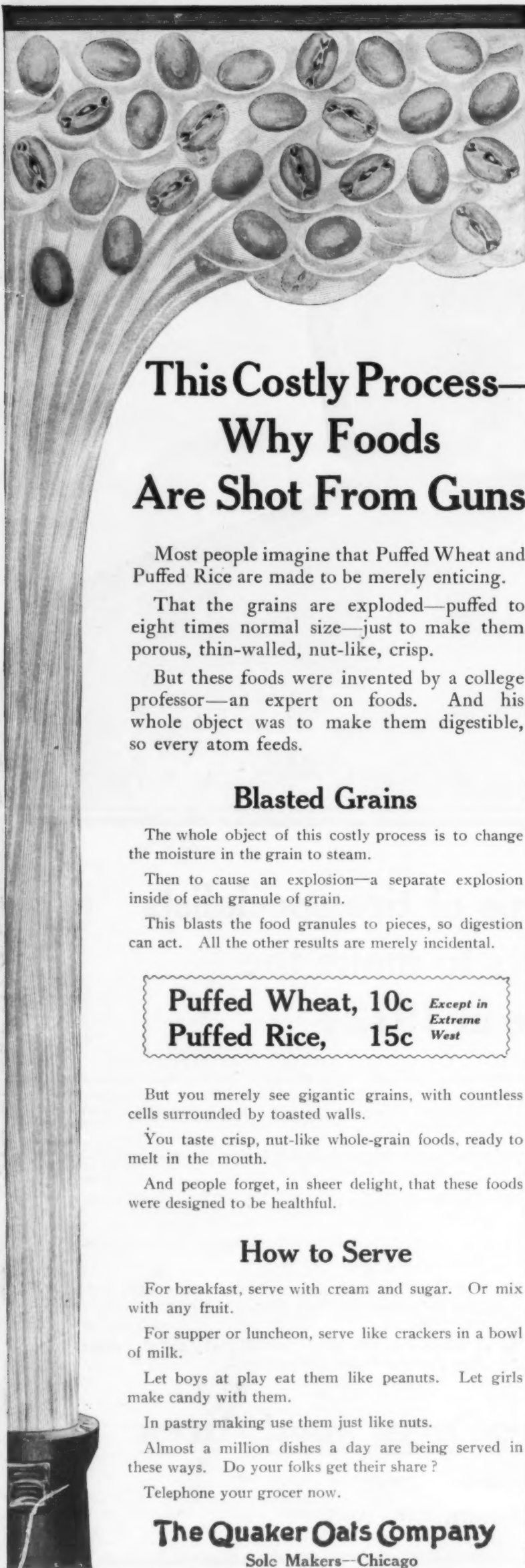
In all fairness to this year's tire bills, why not give these *four-factory-tested* tires a trial?

## United States Tires are good tires

Sold Everywhere

Made in Clincher, Dunlop (straight side) and Quick Detachable styles

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY, NEW YORK



## This Costly Process— Why Foods Are Shot From Guns

Most people imagine that Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are made to be merely enticing.

That the grains are exploded—puffed to eight times normal size—just to make them porous, thin-walled, nut-like, crisp.

But these foods were invented by a college professor—an expert on foods. And his whole object was to make them digestible, so every atom feeds.

### Blasted Grains

The whole object of this costly process is to change the moisture in the grain to steam.

Then to cause an explosion—a separate explosion inside of each granule of grain.

This blasts the food granules to pieces, so digestion can act. All the other results are merely incidental.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c** *Except in*  
**Puffed Rice, 15c** *Extreme*  
*West*

But you merely see gigantic grains, with countless cells surrounded by toasted walls.

You taste crisp, nut-like whole-grain foods, ready to melt in the mouth.

And people forget, in sheer delight, that these foods were designed to be healthful.

### How to Serve

For breakfast, serve with cream and sugar. Or mix with any fruit.

For supper or luncheon, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Let boys at play eat them like peanuts. Let girls make candy with them.

In pastry making use them just like nuts.

Almost a million dishes a day are being served in these ways. Do your folks get their share?

Telephone your grocer now.

**The Quaker Oats Company**  
Sole Makers—Chicago

## Spring Training with the White Sox

(Continued from page 15)

when he is working, but when he does speak his words carry true. Because it was only an exhibition, and the mid-season rules were not yet in force, the umpire let me sit on the bench when the second team played at Houston. Lord had charge of the youngsters and Comiskey sat in the stands, his eye upon every move. Lord scarcely spoke until the umpire called play. At that moment he turned to the bench and remarked in his native staccato: "Come, boys, the big boss is watching. You're all here to make good, and first impressions count. You don't any of you want to be relegated to the goofs." These words, coming from a gabby man, would have been lost in the avalanche. Coming from Harry Lord, they brought to every youngster on that bench the sense of a crisis in his career.

One more before I am done with personality—he who is in the squad but not of it. He is an old man; no one could possibly guess him at much less than seventy. For all that, he stands very straight, walks very trimly. His white hair has no lock missing; his eyes, now dim and filming, still look out on the world with an appearance of old confidence. He sits morning after morning among the players, listening and meditating. He seldom says a word, and when he does the remark seems to rise rather from his own meditations than from anything which goes on about him. As: "George Gore could field a ball neater than any man I ever saw," or "The Dutch are great fellows to play ball." This is Uncle John O'Neil, the veteran of veterans in baseball. When Chicago was a village they knew only the old "Massachusetts game," first cousin to rounders. You played it with a soft yarn ball, and you put a man out by hitting him with that ball when he was between bases. John O'Neil was the great local catcher at this babyish sport.

### The O'Neil Part in History

IN 1858 some immigrants from the East brought to Chicago the new-fangled New York game, worked out since 1842 by the Knickerbockers and their fellows. They needed a catcher. Since, without protection of glove, mask, or pad, he must catch

the back of the runner. It struck an inch from his spinal column; and the progress of the game in Chicago was halted for six weeks while they waited to see if he were going to recover. John went on from this unlucky start to become an expert catcher.

When professionalism came he took up baseball as a business. Because of the crippling injuries which he had received from foul tips, he gave up the game in the seventies and became a fireman. Twelve years ago he was retired on pension. Now, for the pleasure of renewing old years in his meditations, he takes his pensioner's vacation every year at the White Sox training camp.

Boys, as I have said, in their hours of ease, these sporting-page heroes! yet in relation to their business they have crossed the line between loose-acting boyhood and controlled manhood. The casual remark of a baseball writer illuminates that point. "You don't notice Callahan enforcing any rules, do you?" he asked. "Lemme tell you—in college I was manager of the football team. To hold down those college men was real work. These fellows are no trouble to handle. You

tell them what you want and it gets done. And they know enough to take care of their health—it's part of their business." The proper feeding and attention of the body, the function in college athletics of the training table and training rules, is here a matter for individual choice. Indeed, the training table, with its special, muscle-building diet, would be both impossible and inadvisable for such athletes as these. Impossible because baseball teams must live always at the mercy of "contract hotels"; inadvisable because an athlete who works for eight months of all his finest physical years thrives best on that normal diet which the wisdom of experience has worked out for humanity. If he be wise, indeed, the ball player lives a little more simply than most hotel guests. Only once did I hear a word about training diet which sounded like a command. A veteran had reported ten pounds overweight; he was taking it off by long walks. As he sat alone at lunch, Callahan stepped over to him.

"Say," said Callahan, "how do you expect to reduce if you stuff yourself with potatoes and pie?"

The next day occurred another incident which showed that Callahan, while expecting every man to do his duty, kept his eye on those who failed. The drizzle had broken a little, permitting morning practice.

When Callahan lined up his two teams for batting and base-running drill, three or four men were missing. They straggled in half an hour late. Watching from the stands, I saw Callahan stop the practice, call the men about him, and make a few remarks.

The next day Father Quille, coming late to his frugal Lenten refectory, laughed as he sat down.

"Three of those boys were pretty white about the gills this morning," he said. "They slept past the seven-thirty call, and they were so scared after what Callahan said yesterday that they dressed and went out without their breakfasts!"

### The New Generation

THE old-time, mixed-ale type of ball player is gone; there is a new spirit in the profession. The veterans have learned, the recruits have been told from the beginning, that health is capital and self-control is health. With a few exceptions the drinking man no longer perplexes the managers. Callahan expressed this indirectly by a remark which he dropped. "Forty-one men here," he said; "only three have asked for advance money, and their trouble has been sickness or expense in the family. That shows what the players haven't been doing this winter. 'Twasn't so when I broke in."

"What would happen," I asked, "if some man should get drunk?"



Uncle John O'Neil



"Doc" White

a ball heavier than we know in this era, the catcher had to be a hero. Few wanted the job. Uncle John O'Neil volunteered. In his first game a man struck out and John dropped the ball. Reverting in the emergency to the game which he knew, John O'Neil picked it up and hurled it at



## Spring Training with the White Sox

(Continued from page 24)

"Lock him up and take his money away, I guess," said Callahan. "And fire him maybe if it disorganized the team. But it's not happening these days."

Somehow, in spite of the cold, wet spring which afflicted the whole South this year, the White Sox, by gymnasium



Fournier on First

work, by taking advantage of little rifts in the weather, emerged from the period of sore arms and overweighted muscles and began to shape themselves toward a playing unit. The chroniclers of the game have not exaggerated the extent and value of "inside play," of teamwork, of headwork. That, I think, would be the observation of any impartial outsider. This king of athletic sports is much like chess. It has its minor tactics, which consist in the tricks and manners of playing the individual positions; its major tactics, which consist in the cooperation of two or three players; its strategics, which consist in the cooperation of the nine as a whole toward some definite end. Only it is chess played with the speed of thought—not five minutes to consider the move, but five-one-hundredths of a second. Again there enters into it the human equation. These nine pieces, moving under the hand of the manager, are not wood or ivory. They are human beings, each with his personal foibles, vanities, humors, strengths, efficiencies. Tactics and strategics must be altered to suit individual peculiarities.

### The Young "Phenom"

TO make from this complicated web that stout fabric which is a winning baseball team requires an infinite deal of coaching and contriving, patience and attention to detail. First come the minor tactics, then the major, then the strategics; first the details of base play, out-field play, battery work, judgment at the bat; then cooperation between the basemen or between a batsman and a runner; then the work of the team as a whole in some given situation. As an example of minor tactics, take the case of Fournier. Preceded by a reputation as a smashing batter, he reported from the wilds of Canada a few days late. He did not look the part exactly. Now Ping Bodie, the "fence buster," does. He has a neck like a wrestler's, a barrel like a gorilla's. You realize on first sight that here is a man formed for sudden and mighty effort. But Fournier, a swarthy, pleasant French lad, proved to be tall, rather slim, and boyishly awkward. Wherefore certain ungenerous souls among the recruits, who read their dismissal in the fact that Callahan and Kid Gleason had ceased to notice either their good plays or their bad, stood about the lobbies and "knocked." "Another paper phenom," they said. But from the moment when he squared off at batting practice, Fournier proved that he had the true God-gift of meeting a flying sphere with a swinging cylinder. It was not so much that he drove a hit over the fence in the first practice, as that he met the ball straight and true and with that "follow" which gives an extra turn of speed.

"That's all right," the pessimists were saying a few days later; "he paralyzes a fast ball inside or outside; but wait until he goes against a curve." For the White Sox pitchers, rounding methodically into form, were not yet imperiling their green arms by the last difficult devices of pitching. However, in his first practice game against the Texas Leaguers, Fournier handled curve pitching with the same simple directness. By this

time the Executive Council, composed of Manager Callahan, Coach Gleason, Captain Lord, and Friend Adviser Billy Sullivan, was in a state of suppressed excitement over Fournier. To the correspondents they admitted charily that he "might do"; but they betrayed their interest by the close attention with which they watched him for flaws.

The flaws were there, plain even to the amateur eye. He had played the outfield and first base. Tried in the former position, he failed to show that sixth sense which sends a first-class outfielder skimming with the crack of the bat. On first base he proved more apt. "But he's still got the whole book to learn," said Callahan.

### Educating Mr. Fournier

SO behold Callahan, his hands folded behind his back, his weight on the rear foot—a characteristic attitude when he concentrates his mind—teaching fine and yet finer points to Fournier. As thus:

The batsman has hit the ball smartly to the shortstop. The latter juggles it for a moment and throws late and a little wild. Fournier extends his length and gathers in the throw. His action looks perfectly expert to the unskilled eye. But Callahan, shifting his hands to his hips, holds the game while he talks to Fournier.

"Now see what you're doing," says Callahan. "Hold your foot where it is. You're standing on the outside of the bag. The throw came *inside*—and you just reached across. Suppose it had been a foot wilder—where would you have been? Pulled off the bag! Footwork—footwork—that's your job. See! Ever watch Hal Chase? He steps around like a dancer." So through all that practice, and for many practices thereafter, the teachable Fournier is juggling his feet at every throw, awkwardly at the beginning, and then with increasing skill. In the pauses of play he is furtively stepping back and forth, committing to muscular memory the act of changing feet and still keeping on the base.

Now a man has reached first base, and Callahan's interest becomes threefold. "Lay to catch him off," he shouts to the pitcher, "take a lead for a steal" to the runner. The pitcher whirls and throws. Fournier catches the ball and makes his downward sweep—a fraction of a second too late. "You needn't turn all the way around," Callahan admonishes the pitcher in passing. "No umpire's ever going to call that motion of yours a balk!" Then to Fournier: "And where were you but out of his way? What were you doing with that knee? Up with it! No, not that way. He'll turn you over on his neck. So!" and he illustrates. So the coaches will pile up in Fournier's mind detail on detail, not only of fielding but of sliding, leading, running—and that before he has been promoted to the Classes in Team Batting and Strategy.

Yet the marvel of patience and detail is most manifest when one visits the secluded corners of the field and watches Billy Sullivan at work with the young pitchers. This season's crop furnished two pitching recruits who seemed—in March at least—good enough for the big League. Peters, a keen-faced, spare-built youth, arrived from the Northwest a fin-



Kid Gleason knocking fungoes

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HOW, every year, thousands of health seekers repair to the famous foreign grape growing districts, to eat grapes and nothing but grapes as the sovereign tonic that builds up the blood, instills new life and energy, aids digestion and increases the appetite.

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The Haddorff specially constructed sounding board absolutely assures each note the utmost brilliancy. The result is that the Haddorff tone—the "Homo"-tone (from the Greek, meaning "of like, full tone throughout")—has a wonderful quality which you must not miss hearing.

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**Famous for Eighty Years**  
Gives a delightful piquancy and flavor that has created an enormous demand in every country.

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A perfect relish for Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Chops, Gravies, Salad Dressings and Chafing Dish Cooking.  
It Aids Digestion.  
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.

## Spring Training

(Concluded from page 25)

ished product. He had developed himself in the minor leagues to something like his full capacity, and Sullivan could show him very little. "Flame" Delhi, bought at a high price from Los Angeles, had not cultivated his native powers so far. Six feet three inches tall, weighing more than two hundred pounds in condition, long-legged, long-armed, sandy-haired, freckle-faced yet comely withal—if Delhi stays in the League he will be a blessing to the sporting writers and cartoonists. He showed in his preliminary practice a wide repertoire. His fast ball had the approved in-jump; he commanded a cross-fire delivery which his great reach made extra effective; his curve broke sharply; his slow ball wobbled along without a spin; he showed even a passable knuckle ball. Further, he who rules the higher destinies of the Sox remarked after the first practice that Delhi possessed naturally the baseball instinct—"he knows how to protect himself," said Comiskey. Yet Sullivan, looking him over, found rough edges, and set himself to smooth them off. There they stand whole half hours at a time, with a cap to represent the plate—Delhi repeating over and over the rhythmic motions of his delivery, Sullivan giving short, friendly admonitions as he returns the ball.

"Now on the edge," says Sullivan. "Try to cut it. Anybody can hit a ball in the groove—even Sullivan." Again: "Don't cock that knuckle ball until it's back of you. If you do, those Athletics will get you in a minute." Again, more severely: "Now that break might have lost a game. There's nothing slips through your fingers easier than a ball game."

### The Last Word in Patience

ONCE I stood behind Delhi while he worked with the knuckle ball. He had been breaking well and hitting the spot. He turned to me and remarked with some satisfaction in his tone: "It's pretty near under control now."

"How long have you been working with it?" I asked.

"Steadily, about three years. You can practice all winter in California."

Three years at the same set of movements, over and over again. Wind up—"cock" your fingers—hurl—uncock your fingers. Three balls at the catcher's shoulder, three at his waist, three between his knees; for variety, one at his right knee, one at his left, one at his glove; then again—three at the shoulder, the waist, the knees. Hitherto I had thought that the five-finger exercises of the pianist were the extreme of monotony. They are recreation compared to this.

### And the Moral—

ON the day when they began to educate a young Fournier, I joined Callahan at the gate of the park, and we walked home together. He had left his stern official air on the grounds; he was once again the gay and entertaining companion. A young recruit just ahead of us showed the shadow of a limp. Callahan called it to my attention.

"Do you know what the lad's been doing?" he said. "Playing ball with two toes nearly cut off—accident. I'd never have learned about it if Father Quille hadn't told me. That boy will make good—maybe not here, but somewhere. He wants to play the game so much that he takes no chances of missing a practice. I've seen a man lose a job on a Big League team because he wouldn't play with a sore tendon. They were right to drop him. A player with that disposition doesn't belong. 'Tis wanting to play the game that counts—and the fighting spirit—and work—and brains—and being a natural ball player. You don't draw that combination in every man. On the best of teams three or four fellows pull along the rest!"

"Not wishing to plagiarize Samuel Smiles," I said, "it seems to me that the same qualities make for success in any line. Being an American, I worship success with the rest, and I have meditated on the subject. Natural adaptability to your job—liking it as much as the law allows—fighting for it—working at it—and brains—" I ran down.

Jimmie Callahan meditated for at least five seconds, which is a long time for him to delay decision or action or anything. Then:

"You've said it, I guess," concluded Callahan.



## Just Turn the Faucet

THINK for a moment the wonderful satisfaction of being actually positive that every time you turn the hot water faucet you are going to get HOT WATER—Not warm or luke-warm—but hot—piping hot—and in unlimited quantities—No matter what hour of the day or night it may be—No matter how many baths have been taken—No matter whether the range or furnace is in action or not—if you have a

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AND THE COST—You can't heat water in any other way so economically as with the Humphrey Automatic Geyser—

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## The Anti-Suffrage Argument

A Reply to Fred C. Howe's Article in Collier's

TO THE EDITOR OF COLLIER'S:

**W**HEN I say I do not want woman suffrage, I do not say it because I do not think woman is capable of voting. Her thinking facilities are equal to that of man's. Neither do I say it because of any disregards for woman, but because of my strict regards for womanhood as well as manhood.

Man is the rightful law giver. This is his God given power, and because he wishes to retain this power, woman thinks he is considering her illiterate, and classes her with the idiot, the insane, the negro, and the Indian. This is a mistaken idea. Man has always considered woman his superior and worthy of his greatest respect. Woman is trying to bring herself to an equal with man, and in so doing she is lowering herself several degrees.

Woman in her true and purest state is little less than sublime. Man loves her, respects her, and even dies for her, but let her be placed on an equal with man, let her develop her mind and womanly instincts in that direction, till she is all but a man, then where will you find the mother, some one to love you, some one to be the mother of your children, and to make you love home? Without love for wife and mother, where is man's incentive for being a man and a wise voter?

Whenever woman has been granted equal rights with man and she begins a political life, man will lose his respect for her. You cannot blame him.

If you question this, grant her the right to vote and to hold office, and then watch the daily papers and magazines. You will see hideous cartoons of woman, man's mother. You will see vulgarious attacks on her character. Men of the opposing parties will fight her. Her name will be profaned from coast to coast.

One writer says: "In granting woman the right to vote you double the self-respect of American." I have more proof that it will destroy the self-respect that America already has. If Man does not respect woman, he cannot respect self, so where are you going to get the self-respect of the country?

He also says that woman's vote will relieve poverty, hunger, and all unnecessary suffering. That she knows how many dollars are taken from the weekly pay each week to pay tariff. That she knows why woolen goods are so high. Show me one woman who knows anything about tariff and I will show you a hundred who do not, and if man after years of study is divided on the subject, what is woman who knows nothing about it going to do with it?

"Long habit has made man think in terms of dollars," that is true. "Long habit has caused woman to think in terms of husbands, children, and unborn babies." I will grant that, and God forbid that they should both form the habit of thinking in terms of dollars.

Man who has a noble, loving wife, who thinks of him and his welfare, one who makes home pleasant for him, will vote in "terms of humanity" for her sake, making it unnecessary for her to vote.

While there are thousands of the better class of women who will vote, there are millions who will not, and where there are millions of the lower class who will vote, there are only thousands who will not.

Woman has her place in the government, and the place of the most importance. She may enjoy the privilege of being the mother of man and of training him to be a man of honor instead of dishonor. Let a man be taught from the cradle up to be manly, honorable, and straightforward; let him be taught to love and respect mother and sister, eventually sweetheart and wife, and that woman has accomplished all that her son will. It is a great honor to be president of the United States, but it is a greater honor to be his mother.

God forbid that man, because of the clamoring of a few women who have been disappointed in life, and of some who are seeking popularity and notoriety, should bring down upon woman—his mother, his wife, and daughters—the curse of woman suffrage; but instead give us back the days of chivalry, when woman looked upon man as her protector, and man did his best because of this faith in him.

MANFORD E. HENDERSON.



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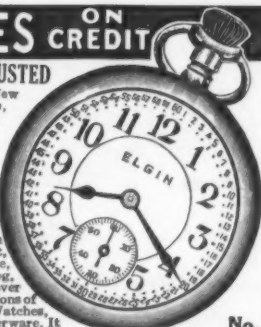
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## Making Over Towns and Cities

*The Big Fist—Organized Power—That Hammers Activity, Growth, and Prosperity Into Communities*

By CHALMERS LOWELL PANCOAST

**A** FEW years ago the town of Marinette, Wisconsin, went down and seemed to be taking the count. The bottom dropped out of her lone, sole industry. But that was not the end of Marinette. It was the beginning—the beginning of the most interesting change that can occur in a city. Marinette was rebuilt—made over again—given new life. Marinette changed from a town of one industry, that of lumbering, to a city with diversified industries. When the bottom dropped out of this little town's one industry, she began to fill up the gaps and protecting herself against future calamities by going after a wide range of manufacturing institutions. She went after them in earnest. In a few years three great paper mills, granite works, agricultural machinery works, knitting mills, glove factories, box factories, and eight or ten more small woodworking plants filled up the ugly hole made by the failure of one industry.

### Before and After

**B**EFORE the rebuilding of Marinette began, her streets were paved with sawdust and mill waste, the sewer system was a joke, the fire department worse, the school system the same. If farm trade was discussed, it was a dream of the far distant future, an agricultural school would have been looked upon as a fifth leg for a horse, the knocker reigned supreme, and even some of the most optimistic believed the town had lived its time.

Then the Chamber of Commerce was organized. It was the big fist that hammered business prosperity into Marinette—the power that shoved her back into existence. A bond issue by the city gave this body of city rebuilders \$100,000 to do things with. And it did it. Out of this, dock and factory sites on the river were purchased. Waterway commerce was the future hope of the town. The Chamber of Commerce started right at the bottom and built up. This cost \$20,000, and \$6,000 more was added to improve the site, and the remainder was set aside to promote industrial activity. These men of Marinette were building for the future. Their way was the right way. To-day, instead of sawdust streets, Marinette has miles of brick and macadam pavements, a fine school system, the impossible agricultural school, a county asylum, workhouse, armory, public parks, etc.

### The Case of Newark, Ohio

**T**HE movement of rebuilding towns and cities has been spreading over the United States like wildfire, but even yet we are only entering the new era of the making over of towns. There are thousands of towns that must be built over again. They were constructed hurriedly with the building of the railroads. They went through the boom with a hurrah, a kick, and a jump. They then settled down and became satisfied. They are has-beens, drifting backward in a rut. But they cannot rest in peace. The rebuilding of other towns around the satisfied ones will arouse in them the spirit of self-preservation.

Sometimes a town meets with a disaster or a disgrace which requires a period of hard fighting in the work of rebuilding and remaking.

Newark, Ohio, has made a notable record for wiping out a city's disgrace. A lynching on the public square placed a blotch upon the town's fair name, but

Newark's atonement was instantaneous and courageous. The Board of Trade, composed of the city's progressive business men, formed a strong arm in cleaning up the city.

In a whirlwind membership campaign nearly 700 new members were enrolled in a few days, and then began a campaign of work which has made the world forget the disgrace and think only of the surprising results achieved by earnest co-operation in this town.

On "Clean-up" Day more than 1,300 wagon loads of rubbish were taken out of the city. On Arbor Day more than 300 trees were planted in the city. With interesting ceremonies, based on civic pride, 3,500 school children assembled in the public square park, and planted a large number of elm trees.

The year's accomplishments included the building of miles of new sidewalks, sixty miles of "good roads" entering the city, passage of bill by Legislature looking to the establishment of children's playgrounds, passage of ordinances for the protection of local business men and the locating of several big industries.

The "Town Boosters" also conducted a "Keep Your Money at Home" campaign; they gave cash prizes to children for the prettiest flower beds, brought about the construction of a \$10,000 country clubhouse, solved the "Town Boy Problem" through securing lands for playgrounds, raised money for a public library, improved the courthouse park by installing sanitary bubble fountains, illuminated the courthouse dome to make a favorable impression on visitors coming into the city.

### Effect of a "Get-Together" Dinner

**I**N Albuquerque, New Mexico, remarkable progress in city building followed a decision of the Commercial Club to eliminate the social features of the club and make it a strictly business organization.

A "get-together" banquet was held, and it was a striking demonstration of the great possibilities that lie before any community if its citizens work unitedly and harmoniously for their common interests.

A platform of business principles was adopted and carried out to a successful end through cooperation, unity of effort, and the loyal support of all business men.

The first thing this civic business organization did was to reduce the taxes of both city and county by securing a survey and platting of all lands in the county. This cost much money, but "lower taxes" was something worth talking about, something of advertising value. This was followed by big improvements in the roads throughout the county. "Good roads" made another strong talking point. First-class oiled roads appealed strongly to prospective farmers, ranchers, and fruit growers.

Every means and method which would in any way encourage the farmer to raise better and more profitable crops was investigated and recommended to the farmers or adopted for them. Experimental farms and apple orchards were started. Experts on soil, grains, plants, fruits, etc., were employed to furnish sound opinions and safe advice for the farmers to follow.

There are a lot of towns and cities that say boosting campaigns are no good, just as many has-been advertisers claim advertising won't sell goods.

There have been about as many failures in trying to rebuild towns as anything else, perhaps more. Commercial organizations are usually run by many men of





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## Towns and Cities

(Continued from page 28)

many minds. And where there is no harmony failure is certain to result. But a few failures do not mean that towns cannot be rebuilt successfully.

Kalamazoo is one instance of where a dismal failure was turned to success. Kalamazoo's first three or four years at rebuilding the town were disastrous. The great anxiety to secure factories led the board to recommend some enterprises, which proved to be worthless, and naturally the reputation of the board for business capacity and sagacity was very much injured.

### Kalamazoo's Problem

IN the beginning the commercial secretary set out to place the Kalamazoo association on the highest level possible. This consumed a very large amount of his time, and then he also failed to secure the support of the committees. This caused a loss of membership, accumulation of debts, general dissatisfaction, knocking, and the resignation of the secretary. But Kalamazoo did not quit. She believed in rebuilding, even though facing so many disasters.

The faithful ones stuck it out. The Kalamazoo Commercial Club was organized and everybody got busy. Upon careful examination it was found that the secretary who had resigned had performed a vast amount of work, which showed but little on the surface, yet it was the very foundation on which the second club has worked so successfully.

Many town promotion organizations make the same mistake that Kalamazoo made. The members get cold feet, paralysis of the pocketbook, try to get a lot of money out of the movement for themselves, and then because there is a crash they condemn all rebuilding movements.

The new Commercial Club of Kalamazoo wasn't made of quitting clay. The leaders got busy and secured more members, then they did other big things, such as securing the entry into their city of the Grand Trunk Railway, securing a site for an armory with a \$30,000 building appropriation, saving the city from strikes, and rendered many other services beneficial to the city.

The Kalamazoo Commercial Club has made great progress in the good roads movement. It has assisted in the establishment of public playgrounds for children, and now has the satisfaction of seeing this movement thoroughly organized under the direction of the Board of Education. It has procured additional space for playgrounds, put baths, both tub and shower, in two of the school buildings, and assigned attendants to the care and direction of the plays during the vacation.

This club believes there is a possibility of making its city so good for home and business building that capital will come to Kalamazoo on account of the extra facilities offered.

### The Way to Do It

THE work of rebuilding towns requires careful planning. The big fist cannot be applied in a bullying manner. Skill in town developing is measured by diplomacy and the ability to keep things running smoothly and harmoniously.

The business of a big fist organization—the commercial club, board of trade, or whatever it may be called—is particularly delicate and complex.

A lot of people want to know: "Why is a commercial club, anyway? Haven't we our city administration?" Yes, but that is politics—a commercial club represents, or should represent, unselfish, loyal civic patriotism. Among the objects of a well-organized commercial club the following might be mentioned:

The establishment of a news bureau to advertise the city.

The publication of facts on growth and attractions of the city.

Seeing that strangers and visitors to the city are properly entertained.

Seeing that new citizens are met and introduced and made to feel at home.

The encouragement of steam and electric railways.

Promoting and encouraging factories.

Encouragement of public institutions.

Influencing the public to appreciate their city and patronize home industries.

Compiling and publishing industrial and commercial statistics.

Compiling and publishing matter showing the city's attractions, such as parks, public buildings, universities, etc.

Promoting a spirit of fellowship and cooperation among the citizens.



## Throw Your Feelings Into Interpretation

WITHOUT using any musical instrument a composer writes a piece of music—a silent record of his most ecstatic feelings. You who play the music, transform the composer's feelings into sound—whether you do it upon a violin, a piano, or a player-piano.

If you are a great virtuoso upon the piano or violin, you are enabled to throw the whole weight of your feelings into interpretation of the composer's written feelings, instinctively, because to a trained musician the barriers of technique are down.

Likewise, the feelings of anyone, when unhampered, spring forth instinctively.

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## The Women of the Confederacy



ON April 11, 1912, there was unveiled in front of the State House in Columbia, South Carolina, a monument to the women of the Confederacy. The first such memorial to be erected in the South, it is a recognition by the men of the State of the part played by the gallant Southern women through the long agony of the Civil War. It commemorates the services of that part of the people who bear the heaviest burdens of war with the least recompense in the inspiration of active campaigning or the reward of public recognition.

The sculptor is F. Wellington Ruckstuhl of St. Louis. The monument represents a strong, quiet-faced woman, an ideal study of the noblest type of Southern woman, holding a Bible on her knee, and meditating upon both the past and the future of her people.

"I decided to show the woman of the South," states the sculptor in his description of the statue, "as neither sad nor gay, neither defiant nor humble, but as dignified and with an attitude and expression of that simple, enduring power, of that sphinxlike seriousness that befits one who has overcome the past tragedies and sorrows and is equal to face the troubles as well as the triumphs of the future with that serene repose of soul that is never daunted."

To the  
South Carolina women  
Of the  
Confederacy  
1861-65

Reared  
By  
The men of the State  
1909-11

In this monument  
Generations unborn shall hear the voice  
Of a grateful people  
Testifying to the sublime devotion  
Of the women of South Carolina  
In their country's need.  
Their unconquerable spirit  
Strengthened the thin lines of gray.  
Their tender care was solace to the  
Stricken.

Reverence for God  
And unflinching faith in a righteous cause  
Inspired heroism that survived  
The immolation of sons  
And courage that bore the agony  
Of suspense  
And the shock of disaster.  
The tragedy of the Confederacy  
May be forgotten  
But the fruits of the noble service  
Of the daughters of the South  
Are our perpetual heritage.

When reverses followed victories  
When want displaced plenty  
When mourning for the  
Flower of Southern manhood  
Darkened countless homes  
When government tottered  
And chaos threatened  
The women were steadfast and unafraid.

They were  
Unchanged in their devotion  
Unshaken in their patriotism  
Unwearied in ministrations  
Uncomplaining in sacrifices.  
Splendid in fortitude  
They strove while they wept.  
In the rebuilding after the desolation  
Their virtues stood  
As the supreme citadel  
With strong towers of faith and hope  
Around which civilization rallied  
And triumphed.

At clouded dawn of peace  
They faced the future  
Undismayed by problems  
And fearless of trials  
In loving effort to heal  
Their country's wounds  
And with conviction  
That from the ashes of ruin  
Would come the resurrection  
Of truth  
With glorious vindication.

rene repose of soul that is never daunted. I decided to make a head at once beautiful and strong, with a large forehead under her wavy hair, large Southern eyes, a firm chin, sensitive lips and an energetic, aquiline nose—such as we find on the faces of Queen Victoria and Empress Eugenie—a woman who, however in love with peace she might be, would yet defend her home like a lioness.

"The ideal, winged genius of the South, advancing with a royal stride and with a feeling of proud satisfaction at the privilege of honoring this woman, holds over her a crown of immortality, while in the left hand she holds a palm of glory and a trumpet. The messenger has come from on high with such momentum that, to stop herself, she has to force her great wings forward."

The unveiling of the statue was made an occasion of public rejoicing. The Legislature attended the ceremony in a body, as did also several military and Confederate organizations of the State. It is the first memorial of the kind ever erected independently by legislative enactment.

The inscription on the memorial was obtained by a competition open to all the citizens of South Carolina. The one chosen was written by Captain William E. Gonzales of Columbia.



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all parts

They are offered with an urgent request that  
you find out what they are doing for others  
in actual every-day service

The Fisk Rubber Company  
Dept. P Chicopee Falls, Mass.  
Direct Factory Service in Thirty-five Cities







## The Limited Started Right

Here is a brief, "inside" history of the most remarkable high-powered, six-cylinder automobile ever produced.

In 1906 we made plans to build an Oldsmobile "Six" which should be actually superior to all existing types, in touring comfort, speed, silence and reliability.

In 1907, after exhaustive shop tests, the first car was completed and road tests began. In 1908 an officer of the company drove a finished car many thousand miles.

In the course of these try-outs, the running gear received as much consideration as the motor. It was found that, within certain limits, the larger the diameter of wheels and tires, the more luxurious were the riding qualities.

In 1909 regular deliveries to the public were made. Then the wheel diameter was increased and the famous 42 inch tires became the standard equipment. The output was over-sold.

Veteran motorists were amazed at the riding qualities revealed by the large tires. Ruts, bumps and cobble-stones seemed to disappear by magic. Record high mileages were secured, sometimes treble the previous average.

The Limited of today, with its wonderful, long stroke motor and a multitude of improvements and refinements, is far ahead of the Limited of 1907. By the same token, it is ahead of other six-cylinder cars.

Although the seven-passenger touring car now runs on 43x5 inch tires, it is designed so skillfully that body, bonnet and wheels are in proper artistic proportion. The center of gravity is low, entrance and exit are made easy and all the lines are graceful and pleasing. While daringly original five years ago, the principles of its construction were sound, so we may say that—

The Limited started right, has been perfected to the utmost—and is today without serious competition.

Touring, Tourabout, Roadster and Limousine bodies. Prices, \$5000 to \$6300. The Oldsmobile catalogue describes all styles of the Limited, the Autocrat and the Defender. Sent gratis.

**OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH.**

Branches in the Principal Cities.

Dealers from Coast to Coast.

Copyright 1912 Olds Motor Works.

1% outlay gains you 100% results



About one per cent of your clothing outlay will keep you fairly well supplied with

## PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

They constitute a most profitable dress investment from the standpoint of appearance and comfort. Easy to get, as the name **PARIS** is on each garter—



They are guaranteed to satisfy.  
25 cents  
50 cents  
At all dealers  
**A. STEIN & CO.**  
CHICAGO, U.S.A.  
New York, Flushing Bldg

Tailored to Fit the Leg



## SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY.  
204 Broadway New York



## Shir-Gar

SUPPLIES THE SOX SHIRT FRONT

Because SHIR-GAR (Shirt-Garter) fills a triple purpose at a single price it has found favor with the better dressed men.

Holds Sox Up  
Holds Shirt Down  
Does not Bind the Leg

Worn with long or short drawers. Prevents shirt from bulging. Only Garter endurable with various veils.

Style B shown in illustration. Style A goes around leg. Style C or D in Silk 75c. Lisle 50c. Style G (with one strap for sock) 35c.

Satisfaction guaranteed. At your dealers or send price and receive a pair postpaid.

SHIR-GARTER CO.  
B-x 108, Columbia, Tenn.

## CHALLENGE

and WATERPROOF

## COLLARS & CUFFS

A perfect collar for the busy man. Even style, even fit, even appearance and no laundry bills. At Dealer's—Style Book FREE on Request. The Arlington Co., 725 Broadway, New York

## Employees Who Cannot Be "Fired"

They Would Be Discharged if They Failed, But They Don't Fail

By FRANK J. ARKINS

IT IS impossible to get rid of some employees. They hold their positions no matter what emergencies arise. They never shirk a complex situation. They can grasp success out of a complication of nerve-racking difficulties.

There are men and women that manage to hold their positions in spite of every effort to "fire" them. They succeed, notwithstanding the exactions of bosses that are taskmasters, and who measure success by dollars and cents. Many a concern might almost as well have hanging over its counters and desks: "No excuse accepted." Every important piece of "big business" must be "landed." Yet there are men and women who remain for years with these houses.

They would be discharged if they failed. But they never fail. They are the people that please liberal, though unreasonable, customers, and satisfy the hard employers. If one of the bosses be spoken to regarding his own injustice to those on his pay roll and his readiness to accede to the wishes of his patrons as to dismissal, he says concisely that a man or woman to-day must be equal to any emergency. Those that are retain their places. Not only that: they command any salary they may name. They are the important persons of a business organization. Men and women that are merely good at ordinary times, this class of business man holds in very little regard. Any of them can readily be replaced.

This attitude on the part of certain big interests places the problem up to the employee direct.

### One Girl, Two Customers

ONE great retail establishment of a big city makes every effort to retain present and attract new patronage. No excuse is accepted here if a wealthy customer makes complaint. Each purchaser demands the undivided attention of a saleswoman. Some patrons are self-important and overbearing. They are looking for insults. It is a trying situation for the most capable saleswomen, for the reason that they are the ones who must encounter this class. The approach of such a customer is announced or signaled, and word is passed through the store, just as the appearance of a storm cloud would be heralded by the Weather Bureau. Saleswomen are placed in her path, like so many tenpins.

Two appeared at the same moment in the store one afternoon. To the consternation of the manager, each turned toward the fur department. At that moment this section happened to be presided over by a girl who was substituting. She had only been in the employ of the firm a short time. The manager recognized the patrons, not only as social rivals but as bitter enemies. The girl in charge was signaled from another counter. She saw both women approaching. Each seemed determined to obtain her attention. One, possibly each of them, would be mortally offended and the firm would lose the trade of one, perhaps both.

Unable to think quick enough to make the best of a bad situation, the manager awaited developments. He was in hopes that he might take up the ends at the proper moment and smooth the ruffled feelings of his wealthy patrons. Each had a clouded face.

Blanche, without a moment's hesitation, stepped forward to meet this awkward situation. She was bright-eyed and confident.

### Quick Thinking

AT a counter a short distance away was a girl who had been arguing with a customer over some trivial thing for twenty minutes.

The social rivals were within ten feet of her when the new saleswoman, in a sharp, authoritative tone, spoke to the girl at the near-by counter:

"Jessie! Wait on this lady. What do you mean by such neglect? I'll report you to the manager!"

It was done so quickly, so naturally, and with such evident grasp of the situation that Jessie was taken by surprise. That the girl had saved one customer, there was no doubt. It now depended, in the

## It's all in the angle!



The clean, smooth, slanting stroke that meets and cuts the beard at an angle, without pulling or scraping—the stroke of the expert barber—is

the natural stroke of the Young, and the "any angle" feature does it. The

## Young Any-Angle Razor

is the diagonal stroke made safe. It shaves clean, it shaves quick and shaves with absolute safety. It shaves the way the experienced barber shaves and with an edge as keen. But with the barber it is *expertness*; with you it is the Young Razor and its "angle" feature. A touch tilts the blade, so that a straight pull on the handle produces a slanting stroke with the blade.

There is nothing to learn—the skill is in the razor.

Try the slanting stroke shave with a Young Razor. You will find the blades as keen and as smooth-cutting as the finest tempered steel, carefully ground, honed, and stropped, can make them. You will find the razor itself the lightest, handiest, simplest, and most nicely balanced of any you have ever used.

### 30 Day Trial

Dealers are authorized to take back the Young and refund the purchase price, if after using it thirty days you wish to return it. If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$3.00 to us, with same return privilege. Price, including 12 keen blades, with genuine leather case **\$3.00**



Young Safety Razor Co., 1729 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



## WANTED—RIDER AGENTS

"Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write at once for full particulars and special offer.

**NO MONEY REQUIRED** until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U.S. without a cent deposit in advance, prepaid freight, and allow **TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

**LOW FACTORY PRICES** We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY A bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offer.**

**YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED** when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderful low prices we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

**SECOND HAND BICYCLES**—A limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at \$3 to \$5 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.


**TIRES, COASTER BRAKE** rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices.

**DO NOT WAIT**—but write today for our Large Catalogue beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

**MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. N-54 CHICAGO, ILL.**

## Building a Boat Is Great Sport

### And The Brooks' System Saves 2/3 of the Ordinary Cost!



The pleasure of owning a boat—going where you will on river or lake—is keen. But the pride of being the master-builder of your own boat—to know what you have under you—is a far greater satisfaction. And the building itself is recreation. The Brooks' Knock-Down System of building—from canoe to cabin cruiser—not only saves 2/3 of the cost but provides the best materials procurable and guarantees every part accurate—the whole absolutely right and seaworthy. Every Brooks' K-D. boat is sold on a Money-back guarantee.

Spare time Winter Evenings—a little money and you can easily triple the pleasure of your vacation days and leisure hours. **Brooks' Boat Book Free—write for it today.**

**BROOKS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 6604 Rust Avenue, SAGINAW, MICH.**

**Only \$25** For this model 22'-23" long, Knocked Down Frame, with full size pattern to finish by. Free book shows 100 other designs at proportionately low prices.



# Emery Guaranteed Shirts



\$1.50  
up

## Neckbands are Pre-shrunk

If the collar doesn't set right, it isn't the fault of your **Emery** Shirt: **Emery** neckbands are perfectly made and **PRE-SHRUNK**—and come through the wash true to size.

Sleeves are cut **different lengths** to fit all men. Fabrics are **tested** for color and wear. **GUARANTEED** fit, color and wear. Look for **Emery** when you buy shirts.

Write for The **Emery** Book of Styles. Let us fill your order through your dealer.

**DEALERS' INTRODUCTORY OFFER**  
Retailers who want to boost their shirt business, sign and mail this coupon:

**W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Philadelphia.**  
You may send your Dealers' Special Offer.

Name .....  
Address .....

## A perfect edge



You—yourself—can give your razor a perfect edge, so it will shave you clean and close, without pulling or smarting if you use the

## New Torrey Honing Strop

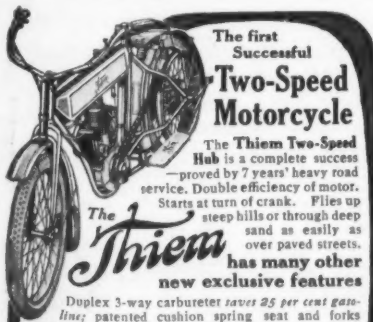
Our invention of a new sharpening preparation made this wonderful strop possible. Anyone can keep a razor in perfect condition with it. Just give the razor a stroke or two on the sharpening side once a week, and run it up and down the finishing side before and after using, and you can always shave with ease and comfort.

At your dealer's—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50. If your dealer cannot show you the New Torrey Honing Strop—write us for full information. Booklet, all about shaving, sent free on request.

**DEALERS**—If you are not now selling the New Torrey Honing Strop, write for our special proposition.

Get a Torrey Razor—the best made.

**J. R. TORREY & CO., Dept. B, WORCESTER, MASS.**



## The first Successful Two-Speed Motorcycle

The **Thiem Two-Speed** Hub is a complete success—proved by 7 years' heavy road service. Double efficiency of motor.

Starts at turn of crank. Flies up steep hills or through deep sand as easily as over paved streets.

**The Thiem** has many other new exclusive features

Duplex 3-way carburetor saves 25 per cent gasoline; patented cushion spring seat and forks absorb all shocks and jars; handle bar control—your hands never off the handle bars. Quiet-running motor, long, large muffler pipe and silencer make it the most noiseless and cleanest of motorcycles. Strong statements, but facts. Make us prove them.

**Write for Catalog** describing all the many exclusive advantages of the **Thiem**. A few territories still open for high-class selling agents.  
**JOERNS-THIEM MOTOR CO.**  
American National Bank Bldg.  
St. Paul, Minn.

## Employees

(Continued from page 32)

mind of the manager, on the answer of the other girl, as to whether she would save both. Jessie did just what might have been expected. She failed to see beyond the end of her nose, for she commenced to argue.

In the language of the manager: "I was hardly prepared for what followed. Instantly Blanche motioned to a dumfounded floorwalker, and said to him quickly:

"Jessie is making it unpleasant for this lady' (not indicating which one). 'Will you please relieve her? I beg your pardon, madam. This is very annoying, I know.'

"It all occurred before the two customers had actually reached her or spoken. The unauthorized reprimand came so briskly and was so well handled that each patron was more than satisfied. Blanche kept up a running fire of explanation, directed no more to one patron than to the other. She had divined the thoughts of each. By quick action she had directed their wrath into another channel, and they were satisfied.

"While she did not know a great deal about furs, she was placed in charge of that department. Then came the question of dismissing Jessie.

"Blanche would not listen to it. 'If she had responded instantly the patron would have been dissatisfied, because she was not at her post when she should have been. You will note I said "relieve" her, not "discharge" her. That satisfied the two ladies just as well. Besides, Jessie knows now—we can be of great assistance to each other in the future if you will leave her at that counter.'

"Had Blanche failed she would have been discharged, for women are employed to retain the good will of patrons and sell goods. If she had failed she would have lost both customers. The inception of her idea was splendid; it was her execution in calling to the floor manager that diverted the thoughts of these women to admiration of the perfectly natural and quick-witted girl who became a jewel in the selling system."

### Capitalizing an Error

A LARGE furniture house, during a price-cutting campaign for the dual purpose of making room for new stock and paying for the same, advertised extensively. Through a mistake an oak dining-room set was offered at a ridiculously low price. It was like giving it away. This was a store where a man was invariably discharged when he was not equal to an emergency.

The store had scarcely opened, the morning that the advertisement appeared, when a woman came in. Every clerk had seen the error in the advertisement, and no one knew just what was to be done. The manager had not arrived. The proprietor had not come down. The force was in a quandary. When the woman stepped in every man felt certain she had come to buy the dining-room set. One by one they slipped away till only the new salesman remained. Alone on the floor, he could not evade the situation. But he did not want to.

The woman did ask to see the dining-room set. Without a particle of trepidation the young salesman responded. With a smile he led the way.

"Certainly, madam, step this way, please."

Other men brought face to face with a situation of this kind have taken refuge in the statement: "We are all sold out." This employee said nothing of that sort. Two older salesmen, standing behind a near-at-hand mirror, thankful that they had escaped the responsibility, were amazed to hear the following dialogue:

"You like the set, madam?"

"Yes."

"The name and address?"

"I have not said I wanted it, you know."

"It is a bargain. You had better let me send it to you."

"Yes, I know. But perhaps you have something else I would like better."

### Adroitness

THAT was the cue he was angling for. "Of course, madam, this is a cheap set. Now if you really want something good, let me show you—"

And he conducted her to another part of the store. The balance of the time he bent his energies toward selling her something really worth while. Whenever she referred to the oak set, he would reply: "Yes, it is good—for a cheap set. This, though, is something very nice—so ar-



This season the fashionable tailors are finishing all trousers with belt loops. They are also making belts of the same fabric as the suiting to give the latest style effect.

## This is a new note in men's wear.

"Snugtex" Fabric Belts are specially woven in one piece of pure wool fabric, reinforced inside with a flexible waterproof lining. They are made for wear as well as style. Every belt guaranteed for a year.

And they are more comfortable than any leather belt can possibly be, because of this exclusive comfort feature—



Elastic Fabric (Patent Applied for.)

That small bit of elastic fabric (which is the same color as the belt fabric) allows the belt to give with the movements of the body. Any man, be he slim or stout, can wear a Snugtex Belt in perfect comfort. And he'll be up-to-date in style.

**Materials**—Snugtex Belts are made of all wool fabrics, with and without the elastic comfort feature. With both tongue and tongueless buckles in a variety of finishes.

**Prices**—50 cents and \$1, according to materials and trim. Guaranteed for a year.

**Where Sold**—At most haberdashers. Not sold by mail, but if you have any difficulty finding Snugtex, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

**Colors**—To harmonize with the fashionable suitings. 4 browns, 4 grays, 2 blues, black and flannel white.

Get one at your Men's Furnishing Store



Smith Webbing Co., 350 Broadway, New York  
Manufactory—Pawtucket, R. I.



## Don't Blame Your Tires—Protect Them

**Y**OU need never have a puncture, blowout, cut—or any other tire trouble. You can ride on good roads and bad without ever the need for a single tire repair. You can get years' instead of months' wear from one set of tires. You can save 90 per cent of your motor car upkeep costs. You can have every moment of motoring full of pleasure and free from worry. Just safeguard your tires with

### Standard Tire Protectors

Quickly and easily applied to your car—no mechanical attachments—held firm and tight simply by inflation pressure. Sand or gravel cannot get between the Protector and the tire. Prices for 1912 are on an average of 20 per cent lower than heretofore, while the rubber and fabric, the only practical materials for tire protection, are of a newly improved wearing and resisting quality—almost like armor plate around your tire.

### Free Book on Tire Protection

It explains the whole problem of tire protection—shows just how Standard Tire Protectors are the greatest motoring economy ever put into service. It illustrates both the smooth tread and our famous non-skid tread, giving you skidding protection in addition to tire protection, at one single cost. Write for this Free Book today.

**Dealers—** Our new scale of prices for 1912 includes larger discounts to you—larger, as if not larger than on most any other automobile accessory. Advance orders show a five-times increase for this year in the demand for Standard Tire Protectors. Get your share of this business. Write us at once for New Price List and Discounts.

**Standard Tire Protector Co.,**  
406 E. Market St.,  
Akron, Ohio



Cross Section

Tire

Standard Tire Protector



**Stop That Squeak**  
with a little

## DIXON'S MOTOR GRAPHITE

(Pulverized Flake)

Work in between the spring leaves and on the bolts Dixon's Motor Graphite mixed with oil. Stops the noise for good—prevents rusting. Dixon's Motor Graphite is an ideal lubricant, for it produces on bearing surfaces a tough, veneer-like coating of marvelous smoothness which prevents metallic contact—reduces friction—and does away with hot bearings.

You will get more power from your engine, your car will run quietly, your lubricant and repair bills will be less, if you use Dixon's Motor Graphite in every part of your car.

Mix it with your own choice of lubricants or we will do it for you, as we manufacture a full line of greases containing Dixon's Motor Graphite.

Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Lubricant No. 677—a highest quality mineral grease scientifically combined with Dixon's Motor Graphite. Fine for differentials and transmissions. More economical than plain oil or grease.

Send name and model of car for free book, "Lubricating the Motor."

**JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY**  
Jersey City Estab. in 1827 N. J.



**14 ft. Hydroplane, Equipped with 6 H.P. 2 cyl. Gray Motor, Speed 16 to 17 miles per hour.**

**6 H.P. Gray Motor same as installed in this boat. Great value—perfect design and highest possible quality—absolutely guaranteed. Complete outfit \$114**

**Immediate delivery—Gray Motors are made in the Largest Plant in the World Devoted Exclusively to the Manufacture of Saylor Motors. We make quick shipments.**

**3 H.P. single cylinder of the same model. Same high quality—complete outfit \$55**

**WRITE TODAY FOR BIG ENGINE BOOK** Contains valuable information about marine motors. Describes our line of high grade motors—3 to 36 H.P. 1, 2 and 3 cylinders. **GRAY MOTOR CO., 454 Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.**

## Employees

(Concluded from page 33)

tistic—just such as a cultured person would purchase."

In the end he sold another set. All day long he used the same method—never once did he refuse to show or offer the real bargain in the store at the identical figure for which it was advertised.

When the manager noted that, he stepped into his office and marked for an advance in salary a man who could think quick enough to protect the interests of the firm.

### Meeting and Beating Competition

**A**NORTHERN miller, who had enjoyed a monopoly of the business for a great many years, was suddenly confronted with opposition. Not one elevator, but two, were established in the same town.

With the coming of the new firms great competition was expected. The farmer looked for higher prices for his wheat. This was the situation when the opposition mills opened, and found the old miller on an operating table in a hospital.

He had been a hard man to deal with. He had discharged many employees. With him results counted. Excuses were the straws at which drowning men grasped in his world of business. He would not retain a man who offered them. He managed his own business, with the assistance of a foreman, who was thus left to face the competition.

When the farmers began to appear, they came first to the old mill and met the employee.

He named a price far above the actual market value. Straightway the farmers repaired to the other millers and obtained a higher price. The old plant was gradually closing down. Every day the foreman offered prices slightly in advance of the market that made the opposition stagger, but which they met. At the end of two weeks the new men had bought to the limit. They had simply traded dollars for wheat, and until they could realize on the stock on hand, and take up their loans, negotiated for the purpose of making purchases, they would have to remain out of the market. With a clear field and no bids against him, the foreman commenced to purchase. Within twenty-four hours his plant was turning full time, and at a profit.

When the miller came back, wan and weak, but with his iron will unbroken, he tottered feebly from his automobile to his office. He ran over the business, and, calling in the foreman, said:

"I have been looking for you for years. I did not know that you were on the other side of the partition. I am going away and will leave you to manage the business."

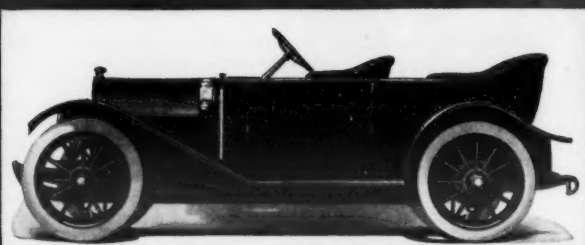
### Honesty vs. Graft

**I**N a town in the West there came half a dozen salesmen from houses representing concerns that sold water pipe. Among them was a man from a firm that insisted on having at least thirty per cent of all the competitive business of that section. Inasmuch as there were six firms, it was a difficult task for the salesman to hold up to the requirements.

When he arrived he discovered that the other five men had formed a combine against him. The members of the city council favored the combine. The man representing the thirty per cent efficiency firm was apparently "sewed up."

It happened that the town was in the throes of a political campaign, and that all of the councilmen who would vote for this contract were candidates for reelection.

So the man representing the thirty per cent efficiency firm quietly went to a "fire eater" on the other side of the political fence, and explained everything about pipes, fire hydrants, valves, and the like. He explained just what was being done. That night there was a mass meeting, and when the orator of the evening arose he electrified the crowd by charges that, through collusion, the city was about to be cheated in the purchase of material for the new waterworks system. Charge after charge, backed by figures, he produced. He exposed the "jokers" in the proposed contract. The men who apparently had a walk-away suddenly found themselves fighting for their political lives. The agent for the thirty per cent efficiency concern was supplying information. While the campaign waxed hot, in self-defense the candidates who were up for reelection closed with the man who stood alone. The town not only obtained the best material for its waterworks system but a new set of city officials at the election that took place a few days later.



*Regal*

## Submit This Remarkable Car Value to Your Judgment—\$950

Automobiles are purchased by comparison and by any and every comparison this New Regal "25" Underslung Touring Car will give you convincing reasons why you should buy it.

Underslung Construction affords greater "safety," gives a new interpretation of what "comfort" means; is more economical on tires and gasoline; makes every vital part "accessible" and is certainly a demonstration in beauty of line.

**Underslung Construction is the Eventual Construction.**

## Match the Value of this Touring Car—If You Can

Specifications: 106-in. Wheel Base; 25-H. P. Motor; Four cylinders, cast en bloc; 3 3/4-inch Bore; 4 1/2-inch Stroke; Dual Ignition with Magneto; Selective Sliding Transmission, Three Speeds forward, one reverse; Nickel Steel Gears; Morgan & Wright Tires, 32 x 3 1/2; Quick Detachable Rims; Standard Equipment. Mohair Top, Boot and Windshield, \$50 extra.

Write for Catalog C of Regal Cars

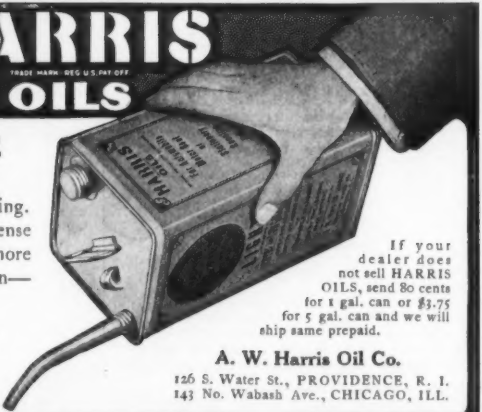
**Regal Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.**  
Automobile Manufacturers

## USE HARRIS OILS

### HAVING ENGINE TROUBLES?

Perhaps it's the oil you're using. If you've had unusual expense for cleaning—if you want more power and REAL lubrication—USE HARRIS OILS.

HARRIS OILS last longest and every drop counts. If you seek REAL economy—USE HARRIS OILS.



If your dealer does not sell HARRIS OILS, send 80 cents for 1 gal. can or \$3.75 for 5 gal. can and we will ship same prepaid.

**A. W. Harris Oil Co.**  
126 S. Water St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
143 No. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

## COMPLETE 4 ROOM SUMMER SCOTTAGE \$248

Price includes all lumber cut to fit, hardware, glass, doors, windows, shingles, paint, nails, etc. No skilled labor required. One hundred designs. Prices from \$125 up. Quick shipment. Guaranty Gold Bond behind every sale. Save nearly half on usual cost. Investigate.

**NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, BAY CITY, MICHIGAN**

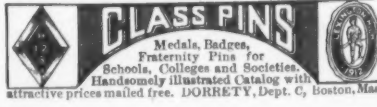


### Toppan Power Dories and Motors

Safe, Best Sea Boat Built. \$150 up. Send 4c. in stamps for catalog.

**KNOCK DOWN DORIES, EASY TO BUILD**  
Send for free circular and prices.

**TOPPAN BOAT MFG. CO., 12 Haverhill St., Boston, Mass.**



Medals, Badges, Fraternity Pins for Schools, Colleges and Societies. Handsomely illustrated Catalog with attractive prices mailed free. **DORREY, Dept. C, Boston, Mass.**



**Prephy-lactic** is the **ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere**



## Decline and Fall of Heliopolis

(Continued from page 19)

Hanna replied good-naturedly: "There's some bologna sausage and what's left of a bag of crackers."

THE stranger promptly seated himself at the table and devoured the provisions mentioned. It was evident that he reflected while eating. Having finished the meal, he arose, removed his cloth cap and faded overcoat and deposited them on the table; then turned the chair so as to face the group around the stove and reseated himself. His appearance was now oddly altered, for the cap, pulled down to his brows in a highwaymanly fashion, had concealed a broad and noble forehead which a sculptor might have taken as a model for a statue of Philanthropy. Even the disorder of his thin, dust-colored hair conveyed an intellectual suggestion. Wiping the cracker crumbs from his chin, he inquired with a mildness in keeping with his altered appearance: "What town is this?"

"Heliopolis," the editor replied.

"Michigan?" the stranger asked.

"Michigan," the editor answered.

"Michigan is a grand old State," the stranger observed. "Gentlemen, my name is Webster—Pleasant G. Webster. At times I am a victim of intemperance. Then I usually start in a given direction and keep going until my money and legs play out. Wherever I land, I stay. I never yet landed in a town that had a printing press in it where I couldn't make a living. The press, gentlemen—she's mightier than the sword. A drop of ink makes millions think. So with your permission," he concluded, more particularly addressing Captain Hanna, "I'll sleep on the floor to-night and go to work in the morning."

A LITTLE later, as the three friends parted for the night, Captain Hanna observed indulgently: "Oh, well, he'll be sober in the morning and he can hoof it to Petersville by dark if he gets a fair start. Probably he'll be gone before I get around."

That getting around occurred soon after eight o'clock, when Captain Hanna discovered that Pleasant Webster, far from being gone, had swept the office, built a fire, and was industriously cleaning up a long-neglected case of display type. His shirt sleeves were rolled above the elbows, a big and dirty printer's apron enveloped him, and he was brushing away at the gummy type as cheerfully as though the editorial desk were stacked with copy for advertisements.

"Good morning," said Pleasant Webster sociably, wetting his brush in the benzine. "I was just waiting until you got around to start the make-up. I see you come out Friday."

Captain Hanna surveyed the office floor, which had been sprinkled and thoroughly swept for the first time in a month; he noted that the pot-bellied stove had been cleaned out and the ashes emptied; that fresh sawdust filled the box provided especially for Judge Summy; he looked over at the personification of industry in the big apron; and remorse constricted his heart.

"Stranger," he said, with sad yet friendly candor, "this paper is in the hands of an agent to sell—by mail. That's the only good reason for its coming out at all."

NOT only, indeed, did the "Sun" still print advertisements of concerns that had deserted Heliopolis months before, but many items in its local columns were evolved wholly out of the editor's fertile imagination. Thus anyone at a distance whose impressions of Heliopolis were derived from the "Sun's" weekly reflection would have judged it to be the same hopeful town it had once been. There was an expectation in the editorial breast—ever growing fainter—that some one at a distance might purchase the "Sun" on the basis of such impressions.

"I believe you said your name was Webster," the editor added. "I'll tell you candidly, Mr. Webster, as one printer to another, Petersville is nineteen miles south of here. The railroad track is the nearest way. The snow can't be over a foot deep. If you start right away you will make it by dark."

Receiving this kindly suggestion, Pleasant continued to scrub his types, but with a slower and more meditative motion.

"Nineteen miles south, you say," he remarked thoughtfully. "I expect that's

where I got off. I know the town marshal showed me a railroad track that he said was fine for walking. I'm a man, Captain Hanna, that hates to go back."

"Well, if you go north far enough you'll strike the copper country," the editor suggested.

But this suggestion aroused no enthusiasm in Pleasant's breast. For some time he scrubbed type in a reflective and abstracted manner; then repeated doggedly: "I never saw the town with a printing press in it where I couldn't make a living." With the blackened brush poised in one hand and a gummy upper-case W in the other, he looked over at the ancient machine from which the "Sun" was issued and observed: "She's mightier than the sword, Captain Hanna. A drop of ink makes millions think."

IN response to this inspiring sentiment, the editor sighed, removed his overcoat, clumped gloomily over to the compositor's case, took up the stick and began setting up a headline which had appeared at intervals in the "Sun" for some six years: "Large Paper Mill May Locate Here."

He had got down to the familiar exordium beginning, "To insure this splendid improvement for Heliopolis let all turn in and put a shoulder to the wheel," when Pleasant Webster's voice broke the mournful silence.

"I suppose you get the county's official printing," he said.

"I get the delinquent tax list," the editor replied, cynically; "the delinquent tax list and the weeds are the only things left in Heliopolis that grow."

"How's that?" Pleasant inquired with interest.

"Why, half the lots have been abandoned," Captain Hanna explained. "When a man abandons a lot, naturally he stops paying taxes on it, so the lot has to be advertised as delinquent. We advertised a hundred and eighteen lots this year at the legal rate of forty cents a lot. You can't make Petersville by dark, Mr. Webster, unless you start right away."

But Pleasant continued to scrub type, and when he had made the display case presentable, he addressed himself to the recondite art of casting a new ink roller. Toward noon, glancing through the window at the illimitable snow-covered waste of pine stumps, he inquired: "What's this land around here worth, anyway?"

"Well," Captain Hanna replied, "for what you might call immediate purposes it ain't worth anything. If a man wanted to buy it for speculation, I suppose it might be worth somewhere from eight to sixteen cents a square mile."

EVEN this seemed not to discourage Pleasant Webster. Throughout the day he busied himself in the little printing office, quite as though he had been promised a permanent position at good wages.

When the three friends assembled that evening they found a cherry-red patch on the distended abdomen of the cast-iron stove. The kerosene lamp was not only trimmed and burning, but the chimney had been cleaned and the tin reflector burnished. They found, also, Mr. Webster seated at the editorial desk dispatching a modest meal of bologna and crackers. Having finished the meal and wiped the cracker crumbs from his chin, he moved the long-legged compositor's stool to a more convenient position, mounted it and addressed the company.

"Gentlemen," he began gravely, "I'm a man that hates to go back. I've made it a rule to stick wherever I've landed, and I never yet saw a town with a printing press in it where I couldn't make a living. I admit the outlook here ain't first-class; but a printing press—she's mightier than the sword. So I've got a proposition to lay before you gentlemen."

MR. NUTT glanced furtively at Judge Summy for some sign of the judge's opinion as to whether the stranger was sober.

"My experience has been," Pleasant continued, "that there's just about as much show for a man in one place as there is in another. In a bigger town there's more business, but there are more fellows out after it. If you go to a city you find there's a million times as much business and a million times as much competition. So stick where you land and build up what you've got is my motto. This town, I find, has got one sure and

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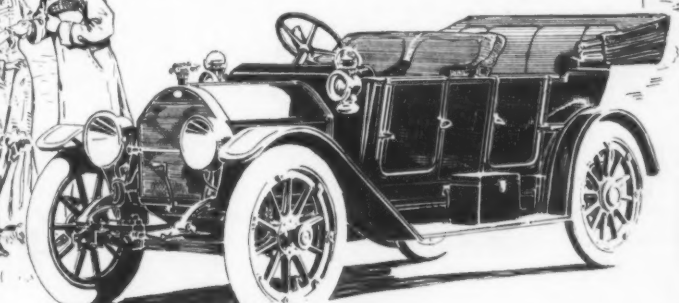
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The reputation of the Marmon is based upon proven principles of design, carefully followed through every step of construction in an institution of sixty years experience. The result—a car that represents the best of automobile values—will prove its superiority. An investigation may be made by requesting printed matter of us, by calling on our dealer in your locality or by inquiry among owners of Marmon cars.

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ALL told, there are over 250,000 burglars in this country, says Williams P. Sheridan, famous detective, in a magazine article. "In the winter," he says, "the burglar works mostly in the cities, and in the spring, summer and fall in the country and small towns. There isn't much of the United States they leave uncovered or many kinds of houses they overlook."

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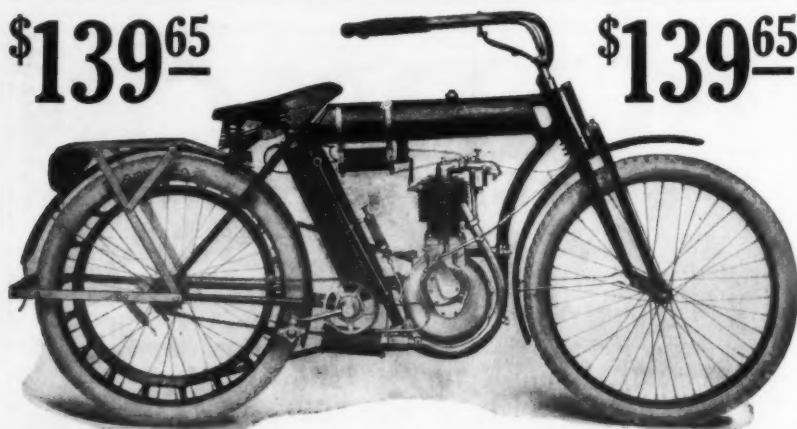
Send 6c in stamps for books telling just what to do if you wake up and find a burglar in your house or in your room—advice given by police authorities.

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Send also for our handsome free rifle catalogue, explaining the new Savage 20-shot repeater (.22 cal.), 20 inch barrel, military bolt action, weight 4 lbs., \$6.50.

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Complete in Every Detail. Luggage Carrier and Tandem Attachment Included at this Price.

### READ—STUDY and COMPARE these Specifications—

Engine—Long stroke full 4½ H. P., starts from saddle, muffler cut out. The best possible to build, made of the best material in every part, designed by the leading motor cycle designer in the United States.  
Lubrication—Force feed.  
Tires—Standard make, 28x3½ inches.  
Fork—Double spring.  
Magneto—On magneto models, Bosch or Hera.  
Wheel Base—Full 57 inches.  
Control—"Twist-of-wrist."  
Flat Belt and Idler—Option V belt.  
Brake—Musselman Coaster.  
Saddle—Troxel, largest size made.  
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Stand—Folding, heavy and substantial.  
Luggage Carrier and Tandem Seat—No extra charge.  
Tool Bag—And full set of tools, no extra charge.  
Finish—Rich enamel, red with broad stripes edged in gold, heavy nickel-plated parts.

If you are not satisfied with the American, return the machine to my company, and I, personally, will pay you back the full amount you paid.

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Our bicycles have all latest improvements, coaster brake, roller chain, imported pedals.

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Tell which you are interested in—a Motor Cycle or Bicycle.

\$18.85



## Decline and Fall of Heliopolis

(Continued from page 35)

steady source of revenue—the delinquent tax list. So if that's all you've got, gentlemen, that's certainly what you ought to stick to and build up."

WHILE the three friends were struck speechless with astonishment, Pleasant explained earnestly, emphasizing the points by drilling his right index finger into his left palm:

"The law in this State, as I understand it, says the county officials shall make a certificate to the State Auditor showing what lots and lands are delinquent on taxes, and the State Auditor shall then advertise that list of lots and lands in a newspaper published where the same is located and shall pay that paper forty cents for each lot and land so advertised. It's cast-iron and copper-riveted, as I understand it, and the State Auditor can't get out of advertising all lots that the taxes ain't paid on. Is that correct, Judge?"

"Why, that's correct enough as far as it goes," Judge Summy replied; "but—" "Excuse me," Pleasant interrupted. "And as I understand the law in this State, there's nothing at all to prevent anybody from laying out town lots from here to the Canadian border. All he's got to do is get title to the land and then go file a plat. Ain't that so?"

"Of course, anybody can lay out an addition," Judge Summy began; and suddenly sat upright in his chair as a startling thought struck him.

"Exactly," said Pleasant with modest triumph. "My idea is just to get title to a few sections of this good-for-nothing land and lay it off in town lots—Webster's addition to Heliopolis, say. Every lot in the addition will be taxed. Nobody will pay the taxes. Consequently the State Auditor will have to advertise every lot as delinquent and pay forty cents for the same. If we lay out ten thousand lots, we've got a sure, steady income, right out of the State Treasury, of four thousand dollars a year from now to the end of time. I ain't figured out the finer details, so I don't know just how much land we'd need to lay out ten thousand lots. I suppose there's nothing in the law to prevent our making the lots very small. I dare say you gentlemen have got something or other—a dog or a shotgun or something like that—you could swap for as much land as we'd need. I'm not a capitalist myself, but I leave it to you whether the idea don't entitle me to come in for an equal share."

ABOUT an hour later Judge Summy stood in front of the kerosene lamp earnestly perusing a copy of compiled statutes. Closing the book at length and removing his spectacles, he delivered judgment with fitting solemnity: "The law is mandatory. The State Auditor can't get away from it to save his soul. I believe, boys, it's a cinch."

A smile gradually formed upon Captain Hanna's rugged visage, broadening and leaking out through his coarse black whiskers. "We'll make Heliopolis blossom like the rose," he said.

Several weeks later Pleasant Webster spent one forenoon setting up a neat little handbill, a proof of which he exhibited to the three friends when they assembled in the evening. It began:

GUESS THIS RIDDLE AND GET A CITY LOT ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST!!!

My First Makes Honey.  
My Second is Found in Red.  
My Third in He or Her.  
My Fourth Comes First.  
My Fifth when Doubled is Profane.  
My Whole is the Staff of Life.

Having read thus far, Judge Summy observed contemptuously: "Why, it's 'Bread.' Any fool could guess that."

"Sure!" Pleasant replied. "And even if he didn't guess it, we'd give him a lot. You see, we've got to wait quite a spell for any returns on our tax proposition. My idea is to get a couple of thousand people to accept lots in Webster's addition to Heliopolis, absolutely free of cost. But as you'll see down at the bottom they must send a dollar and a half to the registrar of deeds to have the deed recorded. Who wouldn't pay a dollar and a half to have the deed recorded if he could get the lot for nothing?"

"But how are you going to reach any two thousand people?" Mr. Nutt inquired dubiously.

"Well, sir," said Pleasant gravely, "my

experience has been that about ninety-nine country newspapers out of a hundred will print an advertisement first and find out whether they're going to get paid for it afterward. My idea is to strike off some neat letter heads and envelopes for a concern that we call, say: 'The Hiram P. Jones Advertising Agency, Room 2157, First National Bank Building, Detroit'—or any other name and address that looked plausible, you see. Then we'd take a newspaper directory and pick out about five hundred country weeklies down South and out West. Each of those papers would receive a copy of this advertisement from the Hiram P. Jones Agency, First National Bank Building, and so on, with instructions to run the ad for six consecutive weeks next to reading matter and send in the bill. It's a cinch that a lot of those papers would print the ad right away. By the time they found out there wasn't any Hiram P. Jones Agency it wouldn't make any difference—that is, it wouldn't make any difference to us. I'm relying right along, gentlemen, on the power of the press. She's mightier than the sword. A drop of ink makes millions think."

IT WAS snowing at Heliopolis and biting cold. The entire paunch of the cast-iron stove in the "Sun" office was suffused with a beautiful pink glow. Midway between the stove and the door, Judge Summy, Captain Hanna, Mr. Nutt, and Pleasant Webster sat around a small table playing euchre. Smiles hovered upon their lips. Their eyes sparkled amiably. From time to time the room rang with their genial laughter.

Heliopolis had been steadily disintegrating. More than a year and a half before the railroad track had been torn up. A mile out of town broken telegraph wires, dangling from poles that stood awry, swayed forlornly in the bitter wind. The poles nearer town had been cut down and used for fuel by Heliopolis's few remaining inhabitants. That summer the town hall had been sold for sixty dollars to Mr. Peter Schnoor, an enterprising Dutch merchant of Petersville, who moved it thither and used it to store baled hay in.

Outside all was desolate; but hearty cheer reigned in the "Sun" office. A handsome new fur overcoat, the property of Judge Summy, lay upon the editorial table. Captain Hanna had but recently returned from a four weeks' hunting expedition in Canada and was still overflowing with reminiscences of it. Prosperity had brought out "folks" and old home ties in Pleasant Webster as the warm spring sun causes dormant seed to sprout. He had spent part of the summer visiting long-neglected kin in Pennsylvania—riding in Pullmans instead of freight cars. Mr. Nutt was revivifying the bold project of a trip to California. He was a prudent man, but calculated that his income really warranted such a journey.

Swinging the left bower above his head, Judge Summy brought it down with a victorious thump upon Pleasant Webster's ace, and sang out: "She's mightier than the sword, you lobster!" Whereupon all laughed heartily, for by that time Pleasant's phrase was a standing joke among them.

THEY were still laughing when the front door burst open and a strange man strode in amid a swirl of snow. Any strange man would have been sufficiently startling; but at the first glimpse, against a background of night and snow, this man seemed to bear upon his shoulders a mere featureless red ball. The blood of the four comrades chilled in their veins. A second or so passed before they perceived that the hideous splotch was only a red woolen muffler. A human voice issuing from its folds and addressing some one outside completely assured them that the visitor was quite mundane and had presumably driven up from Petersville, for the man outside was saying "Giddap!"

Having unsnatched his head, pulled off a fur cap, thrown back a heavy ulster, and removed a pair of thick woolen mittens, the stranger stood revealed as a stocky, smooth-shaven, red-headed young man, who smiled sociably down upon them and said: "Hope I'm not intruding, gentlemen."

He had, as his amiable conversation presently disclosed, driven up from Petersville. His driver and himself proposed to spend the night with Mr. Larsen, one of





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It meets the needs of the most fastidious correspondents. Ask your dealer for it. If he cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you samples free. Write for Package No. 6.

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We will send you full instructions how to organize a successful band. Lots of money and fun; this is a campaign year. Easy payments accepted on instruments.

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## PENCERIAN

### STEEL PENS

Tempered for high elasticity, ground for smooth writing—the perfection of pens. For every style of writing. Sample card of 12 different styles and 2 good penholders sent for 10 cents.

**PENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York**

## Fall of Heliopolis

(Continued from page 36)

Heliopolis's few remaining unofficial and nonjournalistic inhabitants. Moreover, he came in search of investment. The light in the "Sun" office burned that night until the unusual hour of eleven while the quintet engaged in interesting discussion.

At eight o'clock next morning Judge Summy, Captain Hanna, Mr. Nutt, and Pleasant Webster gathered in the office of the registrar of deeds.

"Of course, we don't know exactly what this fellow's got up his sleeve," Judge Summy began in confidential undertone, keeping a precautionary eye upon the door. "It's a cinch that a man who wasn't a lunatic or an awful sucker wouldn't put good money into this stuff unless he did have something up his sleeve. But he surely didn't make the trip in this weather just for his health, and I think we ought to be open-minded about it. Three years ago I'd 'a' said under oath that a chipmunk couldn't make a living off this whole township. But see what we four fellows have made off it. That ought to keep us open-minded. Maybe this fellow's smarter than we are and can make a still better thing."

"I WAS reading the other day," said Pleasant Webster meditatively, "what a big New York lawyer argued about the trusts. He argued that if you had a business that brought in six thousand dollars a year sure and steady, you was entitled to sell the public a hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds or stock on it because you could pay six per cent on a hundred thousand dollars. Where will you find a business with an income any surer or steadier than ours? Most of it comes right out of the State treasury under the law, and we've demonstrated that at least one hundred persons per month will accept deeds to city lots and pay a dollar and a half apiece for having the deeds recorded. If this man wants a sure investment for his capital, I don't see where he could do better than deal with us."

"Suppose, now," Judge Summy suggested cautiously, "that you go over to the printing office, Pleasant, and kind of sound around him along those lines when he drops in. The rest of us better keep away. We don't want him to get the notion that we're overanxious for his money or that we ain't got plenty of business to attend to."

NO snow was falling this night; but it had turned pitch dark directly after the early winter sunset and the cold was intense.

The valiant little pot-bellied stove was red all over, yet the windows of the "Sun" office were thick with frost and there was a decided chill in the corners of the room.

Captain Hanna and Mr. Nutt sat at either side of the stove. Pleasant Webster moved restlessly about, thoughtfully twisting his slim mustache. The card table was put away. Silence and an air of anxiety pervaded the room.

"There's no telling whether he got through to Petersville," Pleasant Webster observed. "Probably the trains are all tied up with this last snow."

Captain Hanna ran his fingers nervously through his spiky hair. "If his train was late, I hope he ain't trying to drive over to-night," he said, forebodingly. "It's black as a stack of cats and ten below zero."

"I don't believe he'd do anything rash," Mr. Nutt murmured, as one hoping against hope.

Something about the building snapped explosively from the cold, and the three friends gave a sympathetic shudder. A moment later they heard sleigh bells outside and hurried to the door regardless of the temperature. The light streaming from the office met the fainter beams of a lantern tied to the tongue of a sleigh, and revealed the forequarters of two horses whose breasts were white with frost and whose heads were obscure in steam issuing from their nostrils. With kindly solicitude the comrades hurried to the sleigh and assisted a fur-swathed, half-frozen bundle to alight. The bundle was only partially locomotory, and they helped it into the office. With rare generosity they forbore to ask a single question until Judge Summy was shucked out of the bundle, thawed into life, and invigorated with a swig of spirits.

They observed, however, that as the frozen grimace of bodily pain melted



Don't foot it—Ford it! It's almost as economical—and you'll get there quicker, safer, easier. The Ford has made the horse and buggy a lavish extravagance. It's the people's car—and seventy-five thousand new Fords will go into service this year.

And mark you this—there is no other car like the Ford Model T. It's lightest, rightest—most economical. The two-passenger car costs but \$590, f. o. b., Detroit, complete with all equipment, the five-passenger but \$690. Today get latest catalogue and name of your nearest Ford dealer from the Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

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Enthusiastic endorsement of the WALES has been given by over 1500 other banks—by the International Harvester Co.—by Sears, Roebuck & Co.—by the Victor Talking Machine Co.—by the Pennsylvania Railroad—by the United States Government (user of 264 WALES)—and by thousands of users in every line of business.

It has paid the above-mentioned concerns of national reputation and it will pay YOU to investigate our claims for WALES superiority based on its complete visibility, high speed, easy action, and unusual durability—all insured by our 5-year guarantee in writing—visible proof of the only "service" that insures your adding machine investment without taxing it.

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—all the facts if you mail the coupon.

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Coupon  
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Letterhead

Send particulars of your free trial offer and booklet describing the WALES Visible.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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Volume 6, April 20, '12





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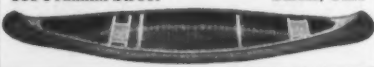
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Your trousers can be creased right on you (or off if you prefer) in five minutes with the "Nu-Pants" creaser. Save \$10.00 to \$20.00 per year and add hundreds of dollars to your personal appearance by writing for the "Nu-Pants" folder. Address: RACINE CREASER CO., 12th Street, Racine, Wis.

Reliable Selling Agents Wanted  
Give present business

## Decline and Fall of Heliopolis

(Concluded from page 37)

from his ruddy countenance a dark expression of wrath and despondency replaced it. Wiping his lips with the back of his hand after having fortified himself a second time from the flask, the judge blurted out his message:

"We ain't got a show on earth, boys. They just laughed at me down there at Lansing. The bill that wipes Heliopolis out of existence will pass the Legislature without a vote against it."

The friends received this announcement in funeral silence. After a long moment Captain Hanna himself spat despitely upon the valiant little stove.

"I ran across that red-headed reporter pup down there," Judge Summy observed, glowering somberly at the stove. "Of course, I couldn't do anything there. But when I think of that dog coming away up here and driving over from Petersville in the snow and hanging around a whole day just to get material for an article to ruin us with—I'd like to meet him back of this office a few minutes."

There was another silence, which Mr. Nutt broke by saying with a resigned sigh: "Oh, well, I suppose the shrimp has to do something to earn a living."

But Pleasant Webster had stepped over to the editorial table and taken from one of its dusty drawers a month-old, carefully preserved copy of a metropolitan newspaper. The last column on the front page—under big headlines—and two columns of the second page were devoted to a description of Heliopolis, which was embellished with several illustrations, and included a table showing the sums paid out of the State treasury for advertising tax-delinquent lots in Webster's addition.

"Right there's what done it, gentlemen," said Pleasant gravely, holding up the sheet and tapping it with his forefinger. "Right there's what done to Heliopolis the same thing that Mount Etna done to Pompey. Say what you please, she's mightier than the sword. A drop of ink makes millions think."

## "All of It"

(Concluded from page 21)

The warden looked politely incredulous. "If you have been led to believe," he said, "that any such complicated piece of machinery as that could have been devised and produced in the prison and taken out of the walls without my knowledge, you have been grossly deceived. It is entirely out of the question. Inlow is a skillful mechanic, but slightly off mentally. He has a mania for drawing, and I think has talked of a very intricate mechanical device which he expected to build and patent, but nothing but drawings ever came of it."

"Will you send for the man; let his own demeanor and his own story convince you of the truth or falsity of my statement?" asked Mr. Bright in an even voice.

"Certainly," answered the warden. "Jake," he said when the old man came, "this is Mr. Bright. He is interested in you."

Turning to the warden, he said:

"I should like to go now, sir."

There was a catch in his voice as he spoke, and a wistful expression on his face, while something which sparkled trembled in the corner of his eye.

AMAN becomes accustomed to solitude. For twelve years now Jacob's emotional storms of hope and despair had all been faced alone. Now he was at the flood tide of happiness. He held in his hands the consummation of all his hopes, the consolation of all his despairs, and he wanted to be alone.

The warden understood.

So did Bright.

"You may go," assented the warden kindly as he pressed his call button. To the orderly he said: "Pass Inlow."

The warden's office was some distance outside the prison walls, but every step of the way was commanded by armed guards in towers or lookouts on the walls. The convict, with a machine on either arm, his beaming eyes constantly turning solicitously from one to the other like a boy with a pair of pets, trotted toward the great prison gate. The orderly thrust his head out of the window and attracted the attention of the nearest lookout; then he pointed to the bent, hurrying form, and held up the flat of his hand. It was a repetition of the warden's order: "Pass Inlow." The signal was waved down the line from guard to guard to the prison gates, and the great doors of steel opened inward.

An hour later they found him. He was in his cell upon his knees with the two machines side by side upon his narrow prison bed, and spread out around them were the sheets of his drawings. The old man had a pencil in his hand and was lovingly checking over his detailed sketches, while now and then he turned from the tracings to a particular part of the machine, and felt it over affectionately, caressingly, with his sensitive fingers. The light in his eye was still bright.

AS the two men pressed into the narrow door, almost shutting out the light of day, the warden placed in the convict's hand a long, legal-looking document. "From the Governor," he said as Inlow took it.

With trembling fingers the latter unfolded it upon the bed between the two machines, and read it slowly, laboriously, as if his mind groped, too full with the richness of one great idea to instantly absorb another. He had finished its perusal and was staring almost stupidly at the great seal of the State with its wealth of red and gold, when suddenly, like a sunburst, the light of understanding broke upon his face.

"There's one like that for the woman, too," said Mr. Bright eagerly.

Inlow gazed, wide-eyed, for a moment, and then slowly he lowered his face upon the paper, while an extended arm encircled either machine. As he felt them in his grasp, and the cool parchment upon his face, a dry sob of joy broke from his heart.

It was the Governor this time, who, in quite a different sense, had given him—  
"—All of it."

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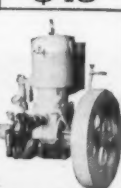
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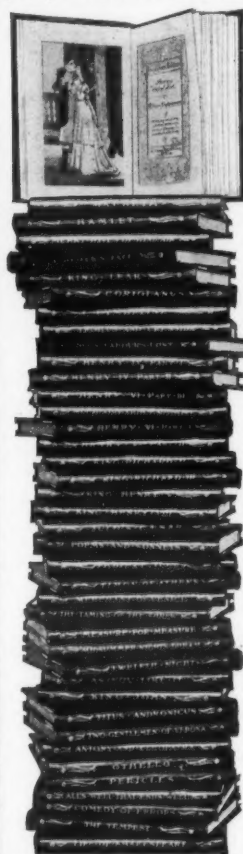
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